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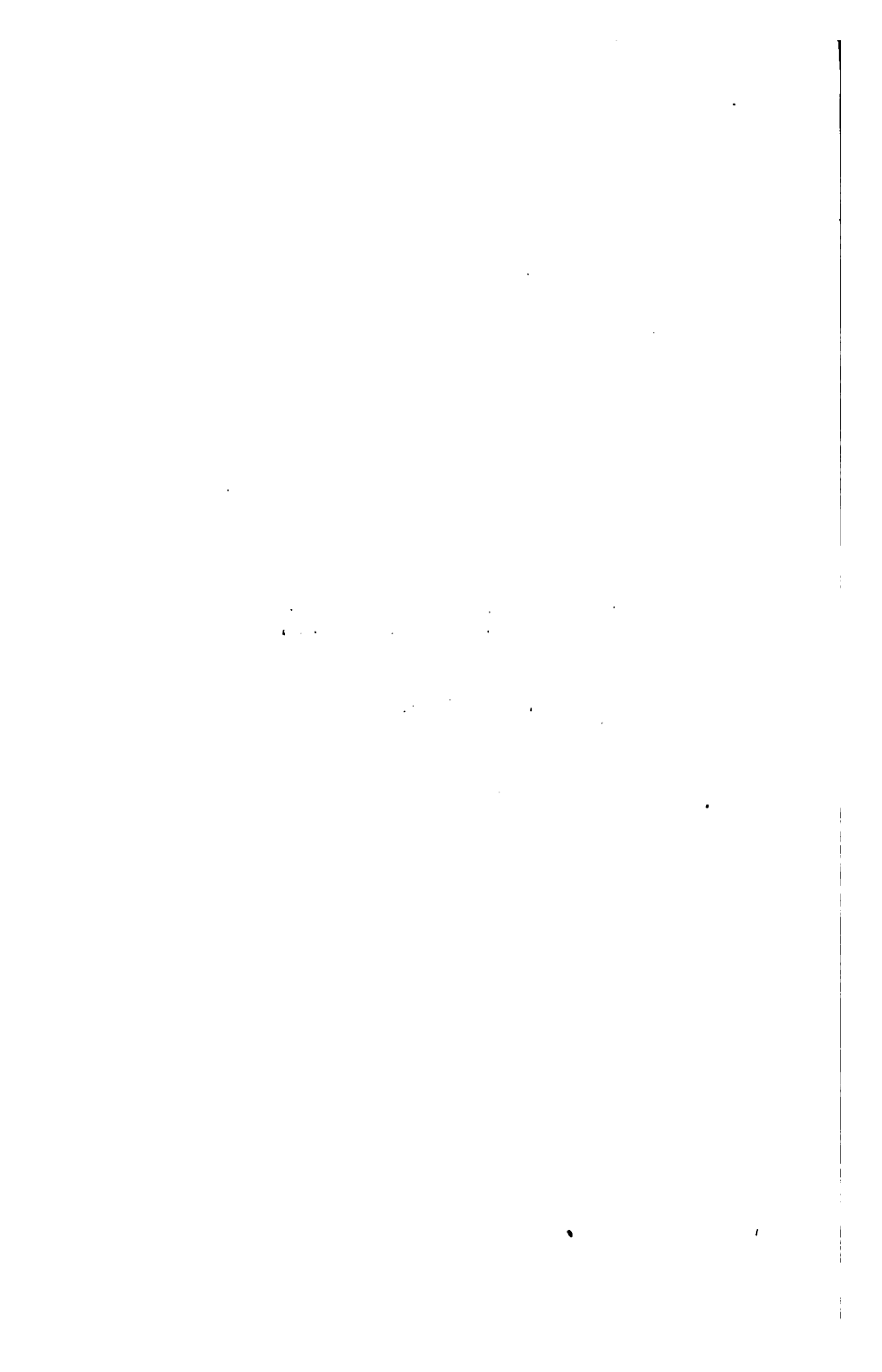
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WALTER LANGLEY,

OR

THE RACE OF LIFE.

BY

THE HON. CHARLES STUART SAVILE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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# WALTER LANGLEY,

OR

## THE RACE OF LIFE.

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### BOOK VI. *Continued.*

#### CHAPTER II.

A love scene between Walter Langley and Maria Gattey takes place at the Academia at Naples, after which Walter Langley calls his cousin to account.

THE ball at the Academia was at its height; within the walls of the royal structure were visible the forms of the most lovely women, representing the beauty of every country in Europe, now gliding gracefully along in the mazes of a quadrille, now whirling round in a voluptuous waltz, and

now bounding, like mountain harts, to the air of an exhilarating polka.

Conspicuous in the midst of this phalanx of beauty, of which she might have been taken for the queen, was Maria Gattey. Never had she looked more lovely; she was one of those happily endowed mortals who have received from nature the rare gift of adorning the dress they wear, instead of being indebted to their toilet for the heightening of their charms. Nothing, however, could possibly have been more tasteful than the costume of the young maiden, which was composed of—but no, we will spare our readers the infliction of wading through several pages descriptive of Valenciennes and Mechlin lace, muslin flounces, &c., *ejusdem generis*.

The orchestra had just finished the last notes of a quadrille, when Walter Langley,

having drawn the arm of his partner within his own, led her towards a room situated at the further end of an inner chamber. It was evident from the expression that pervaded the countenance of the young man that he was under the effects of the most excessive agitation; he had indeed come to the determination of setting his fate upon the hazard of a die; in other words, he was about to avow his love to Maria Gattey. He had been hurried to this resolution, by remarking the admiration of his cousin for the angelic girl, an admiration so little concealed, that it must have been evident to the merest stranger. Walter had no fear of his cousin's superior position in life producing any effect upon the heart of the young maiden, but still an instinctive feeling of dread, hardly defined and scarcely acknowledged, came

over him as he thought of Lord Woodmount.

On finding himself alone with the object of his affections, Walter at once poured forth the feelings of his heart in words.

“ Maria,” he said, or rather whispered, “ I love you, and have loved you from the very first moment that my eyes met yours.”

No reply was made to this impassioned address, but the young man felt the hand he held tremble like an aspen leaf.

“ Maria,” he again whispered, “ one word,—do you love me ?”

The maiden raised her eyes, and even had she not spoken, her lover could have read in that glistening glance that he was adored.

But she did speak, and the monosyl-

lable she uttered did not appear to come from her mouth, but to steal forth from her very heart, so evidently did she feel what she said.

“Yes!”

“Angel!”

No one was visible to the two lovers in that large chamber but themselves, and their lips met in a burning kiss.

—A long, long kiss ; a kiss of youth and love,  
And beauty, all concentrating, like rays,  
Into one focus, kindled from above ;  
Such kisses as belong to early days,  
Where heart and soul and sense in concert move,  
And the blood's lava and the pulse a blaze.  
Each kiss an earthquake——

Walter felt his heart too full to speak. Oh ! how he longed to be far away from those ball-rooms ; anywhere so that they could be alone ; for the next moment the chamber began to fill with the dancers of the late quadrille.

A few minutes afterwards the orchestra in the chief ball-room struck up the ritournella of another quadrille, and a young Parisian, the Count de Maravaux, son of the Marquis de Maravaux, the French ambassador at Naples, approached to claim the hand of his partner.

Being left alone, Walter sauntered through the spacious rooms in a state bordering on ecstasy. He reflected no longer on the difficulties that would almost surely rise up and impede the accomplishment of a marriage between Maria Gattey and himself, his thoughts wandered far away from such terrestrial ideas, his whole heart was wrapped up in the monosyllable pronounced by his beloved, and the burning kiss which had cemented the avowal of their mutual love. Never before had he felt so completely happy; all around him

was tinted, as it were, with a vivid light, it seemed that the name of the young maiden was heard in the music of the orchestra. Such was the state of his feelings that he could have pressed the hands of every one he met, strangers and acquaintances; he looked upon no one present as a stranger, he felt as if the whole world were his friends, and he pitied them, for they were not beloved by his own dear Maria.

He was gazing vacantly at a table, where four persons were engaged in playing at whist, when he felt a touch upon his shoulder, and on turning round perceived a good-humoured, ruddy-faced man, of about five-and-forty years of age, whose appearance was that of one bred upon the ocean.

“How are you, Mr Langley?” exclaimed the new comer, “but I need scarcely ask the question, for I declare you

look just like a mate on his receiving his lieutenant's commission."

"I am very well, thank you, Captain Bumpstead," returned Langley, as he shook hands with the new comer, "but how is it that you are at the Academia to-night, I thought you were going to sail early to-morrow morning?"

"So I am," replied the captain, "at six o'clock exactly, or as soon after it as the visit of the commissary of the port will allow me; hang these countries, there is no real liberty in them, one has to ask for leave to do that, and ask for leave to do this, and ta-ta-ta this and ta-ta-ta that; nothing but asking permission to do anything. I wonder one don't require to get a permit to breathe; but, to answer your question, it so happened as I was having my papers signed at the Consul's this morning, one of



the *attachés* of the embassy came in and we got into a little chat, like; for he's a jolly fellow, and has been on board my ship several times. Well! during the course of our confab he found out from something I said that I had never seen the Academia here; so he told me that he would get me an invite for to-night, and as all is snug aboard, and I have got a mate on whom I can depend, I said I didn't mind if I did come and have a look at the Royalties."

"And what do you think of the ball?"

"Why, to confess the truth, I don't like it over much, I prefer a dignity ball at Port Royal, there's not enough spirit like in this thing, everybody walks instead of dancing, and just as if he or she were treading on eggs, instead of kicking their heels about as they do at the dignity balls,—no

humbug there, I can assure you, no shilly-shallying. To be sure the women in the West Indies are somewhat dingier than your ladies here; but on the whole I prefer the dignities."

"But surely the balls at Port Royal, delightful as you may think them, cannot be compared to those of the Academia?"

"Oh! I allow there's not so much carving and gilding on the walls, no stars and ribbons on the men's coats, and not quite such a scent of 'Cologne water,' but then there's treble the jollity. This place, notwithstanding, is not bad in its way, and I'm not sorry to have seen it once; but," added the speaker, with a shake of the head, "there's one terrible fault."

"What is it?"

"No supper provided, nothing to eat or to wet your whistle with. Dancing

may be all very well, but it's poor amusement when one has no creature comforts to keep up the animal spirits. Now, here have I been nearly two mortal hours, and not a drop or a bit of anything in the way of sustenance has passed through my lips. What do you say, Mr Langley, to leaving the ball for awhile and coming on board with me? I'll see what I have in my locker worth pecking at."

"I am very much obliged to you, Captain," returned Walter, in answer to the seaman's hospitable invitation, "but I cannot, for the present, avail myself of your kind offer, for I am engaged to dance the next polka."

"Polka!" cried Captain Bumpstead, with a look of supreme contempt, "polka! a pretty new-fangled dance indeed! why a waltz was bad enough in all conscious-

ness, without adding to it. I am old enough to remember when every one looked aghast at seeing a gentleman put his arm round a lady's waist in a public ball-room; but since the invention of the polka and other dances of the same kind, all I know is that in my idea the gentleman seems to be taking all sorts of liberties with his partner. Candidly speaking, Mr Langley, would you like to see the girl you love, or the wife of your bosom, spliced, as it were, to a fellow, with her head reclining upon his shoulders, his arm being thrown around her waist, pressing her close to his breast; and the couple, while in that free-and-easy position, going through a set of antics, such as ought to make any modest chap blush?"

Walter pretended to laugh at the seaman's scruples, but he could not help owning in his heart of hearts that he had more

than once while Maria Gattey was polking felt a very decided desire to murder her partner in cold blood.

“ Well, I’m off,” continued the captain, “ and although I say good-bye I hope it isn’t good-bye, for mind, if you feel a little peckish, that the *Saucy Jane* is anchored within half a knot of this place, and that we do not get under weigh until six in the morning.”

With these words the honest seaman shook hands with Walter and left the ball-room.

The quadrille being finished, the young man was about to proceed in search of Maria in order to claim her hand for the next polka, when his attention was aroused by hearing a voice proceeding from behind a column close to him, which he recognized as that of Lord Woodmount.

He would not in all probability have paid any attention to the circumstance, and would have moved on, had he not heard his own name pronounced.

"Captain Gattey," the young nobleman was saying, "pray pardon the question, for I consider it my duty to ask you whether you approve of Walter Langley's very marked attention to your sister?"

"Your cousin is my intimate friend," replied Frederick, somewhat haughtily, "and I am not in the habit of squandering my friendship upon any one I do not esteem."

"But are you aware that he is almost without fortune?" continued Woodmount.

"My sister has sufficient to allow her to choose according to her inclinations," replied Gattey; "and besides, Walter Langley is one whose extraordinary talents will

inevitably raise him to the very highest position. In my opinion he is exactly the man to make my sister happy, and were he to demand her hand, he would have my fullest consent."

There was a momentary pause, and Walter, who had advanced a few paces, and who by that means had come within sight of the two speakers, perceived his cousin hesitating, as though he were disinclined to proceed any further; just, however, as Gattey was about to turn away, Lord Woodmount laid his hand upon his arm, and having clenched his teeth closely together, exclaimed, in a voice rendered tremulous from excessive agitation :

"I presume, Captain Gattey, that you are aware of Walter Langley's birth and parentage?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Gattey, ap-

parently much astonished at the question ;  
“ he is your first cousin, and a scion of one  
of the oldest and noblest families in Great  
Britain.”

“ With a bar sinister on his escutcheon,”  
said Lord Woodmount, in a malignant,  
savage tone of exultation.

“ I do not understand you, sir,” replied  
the other, angrily, “ and I must beg to  
remark that the subject on which we are  
conversing is not one to joke upon.”

“ I am not joking,” returned the noble-  
man, “ far from it ; I merely wished to let  
you know, as it is my duty to do under  
the circumstances, that the *soi-disant* Walter  
Langley has no right to the surname he  
bears, as he is only the illegitimate son of  
my late uncle, Colonel Langley.”

On hearing this most unexpected an-  
nouncement, Frederick Gattey stood for a



moment as though he were petrified; but the next instant a smile of incredulity passed over his features.

“Impossible!” he observed.

“If you doubt my assertion,” returned Lord Woodmount, “you can easily test its veracity, and should you find that I have deceived you I will allow you to call me a liar, a scoundrel, and a slanderer! It is, however, my custom to speak the truth, Captain Gattey.”

And with a low bow he took his departure, passing, without perceiving him, so close to Walter as almost to touch him.

“The wretch!” ejaculated the latter; “the vile, infamous wretch; he shall, however, rue his cowardly, infamous conduct before the rising of another sun.”

And assuming the calmness he was far from feeling, he sought out Maria, and in a

few minutes was engaged in the evolutions of a polka.

Had the dance been a quadrille he could not have been able to conceal his agitation from his partner; but the trembling tone of his voice when he addressed the young girl during the intervals of repose, was not unnaturally ascribed by her to the exercise they were taking.

As soon as the dance was at an end Walter was about to conduct his partner to the side of the ball-room where her mother was seated, when they were accosted by her brother, whose manner towards Walter was so completely altered from what it had previously been that it was evident that the young officer had given credit to the malicious story told him by Lord Woodmount. Having approached the lovers, he bowed very cere-

moniously to Walter, and offered his arm to his sister.

"It is time to 'return home," he said, "for we have to rise early to-morrow for our visit to Capri."

"But it is not more than one o'clock yet," cried Maria, in a tone of disappointment, "surely you cannot be in earnest when you talk of leaving so early, particularly as it is the last Academia ball of the season."

"If we stay here any longer," remarked her brother, "we shall be too fatigued for our trip to-morrow; come along, our mother is waiting for us;—Mr Langley," he continued, "I have the honour of wishing you good-night."

The speaker's manner was so very cold and constrained as he uttered the last sentence, that his sister could not help

giving way to an exclamation of surprise.

"What is the matter with you, Frederick?" she exclaimed, "how odd you are."

"I—I am not well," said her brother, as making another ceremonious bow to Walter he led his sister away.

In a few minutes he returned, and accosted Walter. "Mr Langley," he observed, "pray excuse my manner, for I am one of those who cannot disguise their feelings—the reason of my acting as I did just now—"

"Is well known to me," interrupted Walter bitterly; "I accidentally overheard the malicious inuendos with which your ear was regaled just now by my cousin, Lord Woodmount."

"In that case," said Gattey, "you will excuse my asking—"

"Ask nothing to-night, Captain Gattley," again interrupted Langley, with an impatient wave of the hand, "to-morrow morning everything will be explained. Now then to business," he continued to himself, as he turned away.

Hastily quitting the Academia, he got into a Calèche and drove to his lodgings in the Casa Parete, on reaching which he mounted to his room, as softly as possible, in order not to awaken his mother, who slept next door; then opening a case placed upon a chest of drawers, he took from it a brace of pistols, together with a flask of powder and some bullets, all of which he concealed beneath his cloak, after having loaded one of the pistols. This done, he returned to the Academia, and was going up the staircase, when he met Lord Woodmount coming down.

"You are leaving the ball very early?" he observed, with an air of as much calmness as he could assume.

"Yes," was the reply, "I feel rather tired, and as I am one of the party who intend starting for Capri to-morrow, or rather this morning, in Sir Henry Mountjoy's yacht, I intend turning in at once."

Lord Woodmount's allusion to his visit to Capri was adding fuel to the fire of Walter's fury, as the latter felt assured that the attraction that was about to take him to Capri was not to visit the beauties of the island, but because Maria Gattey was to form one of the party.

"How do you intend going to your hotel?" asked Walter, as soon as his cousin had mentioned his intention of leaving the Academia.

"On foot, the weather is so beautiful

that it would be a sin to go in a carriage; besides, there is a full moon, and I want to judge of its effect upon the bay."

"I will walk with you if you like," said Walter, in an apparently careless tone.

"I shall be most happy of your company," returned Lord Woodmount.

And taking his cousin's arm they went down into the street.

As they walked along Walter did not dare to speak, for fear of betraying his agitation; his heart beat so violently that he felt as if it were about to burst through its prison.

"This is indeed lovely," exclaimed Woodmount, as they arrived nearly opposite the Hotel Crocelli, "I can easily understand the meaning of the proverb, *Vedi Napoli et poi mori*."

The street in which they had halted was at that moment quite deserted, and the two cousins were alone.

"You are perhaps speaking more truly than you imagine in quoting that proverb," said Walter, who could no longer restrain himself from speaking.

"How so?" inquired the other, more surprised at the peculiar tone of voice in which the observation was made than at the observation itself.

"Lord Woodmount," replied Walter, grasping his cousin's arm, with an energetic gripe, "you are a villain."

"What do you mean, Walter?" cried the nobleman, "are you mad?"

"No! I am not mad," gasped out Langley, "I am not mad, although your infernal, malicious, dastardly conduct has been enough to drive me to the verge of



distraction. Lord Woodmount, I overheard every word you said to Gattey in the ball-room this evening."

"Indeed!" said his cousin, with a sneer. "Well! eaves-droppers seldom hear much good of themselves."

"I am no eaves-dropper, but you spoke loud enough to be heard by any one who might have happened to be passing by, as I was at the moment, while you were poisoning the ear of Maria Gattey's brother with your infamous slanders."

"I was not poisoning his ear, I was uttering no slanders, but telling the plain and simple truth, as it was my duty to do."

"Oh! do not attempt to disguise the nature of your cowardly act, for with me your hypocrisy will avail nothing! Lord Woodmount! either you or I die to-night!"

With these words he drew forth a pistol.

"What! are you going to assassinate me in cold blood?" cried Woodmount, receding several paces in evident terror.

"No, I am going to force you to defend your life."

"Oh! a duel."

"Yes, a duel, but a duel in which one of us must fall."

"What, a duel between first cousins?"

"Were you my brother I would compel you to fight."

"But suppose I refuse to accept your proposition, which I certainly intend doing, for it appears to me to be the very height of insanity."

"Then I will blow your brains out," exclaimed Walter, half wild with fury; "you know me, Woodmount, you have

known me from childhood, and therefore must be aware that I never *talk* without *acting*; nay! do not attempt to call for assistance," he continued, as he perceived his cousin looking round; "for if you utter one single word to that effect it will be your last."

As he spoke he proceeded to cock the pistol he held in his hand.

It was so evident that the young man was almost beside himself from desperation, that Lord Woodmount felt assured that the threat was no idle one.

"But we have no seconds," he cried, wishing to gain time.

"We do not want any," answered Walter. "Follow me, or rather go before me, to the sea-side, below the Villa Reale. We are not likely to be disturbed there."

"I am ready to accompany you on the excursion you propose," observed Lord Woodmount, who being by no means deficient in personal courage had quickly recovered his ordinary coolness, "but allow me to remark, that, should one of us happen to fall, which is not altogether unlikely, what proof will the survivor have to show that he is not an assassin?"

"I have thought of that," returned Walter, "we can each write a few lines with a pencil upon a scrap of paper torn from our pocket-books, to the effect that the writer is about to fight a duel without any seconds being present, and then fasten the scrap, signed with his name and address, to his hat or coat. Do you understand me?"

"I do."

"Then lead the way at once, time

presses, and I do not wish to be interrupted."

"Come on then, to hell if you choose," cried Lord Woodmount, as he went forward, "since fight we must, the sooner the better."

"Well! go on till I tell you to stop, and remember that if you make the slightest attempt to escape or to raise an alarm that I am armed and desperate. Our way lies to the left as soon as we reach the Villa Reale."

The above colloquy had taken place with far more rapidity than it has taken time to describe it, and the cousins turned their steps in the direction Walter had pointed out.

On reaching the sea-side, Woodmount inquired whether they had reached the place of destination.

"Not yet," was the answer, "we run too great a risk of being heard here; move on until I tell you to stop."

"As you wish, since you will have your own way," said Woodmount, in a tone of mockery. "Allow me, however, to remark that I have pumps on (they will not receive you at the Academia in boots), and that pumps, although admirably adapted for dancing on a carpet or on smooth boards, are not precisely the best sort of things for walking along the shingle with."

After having walked along the shore for about twenty minutes more Walter called to his cousin to stop.

"This place will suit," he said.

"I am glad to hear it," was the reply, "for the soles of my pumps are nearly cut through."

"Have you a pocket-book?" inquired Walter.

"Yes."

"Then tear a leaf out of it, and write down what I told you just now, and fasten the scrap to your hat or coat; in the mean while I will do the same."

"I have done," said Lord Woodmount, after a pause. "What next?"

"Take this pistol and load it, there is a bullet, a powder flask, and a copper-cap, my pistol is already charged."

Lord Woodmount did as he was directed, and as soon as the operation of loading was terminated, he looked up for further instructions.

"Have you finished?" inquired his cousin.

"I have."

"Then let us take our places, twelve

paces apart from each other. You shall give the signal, which shall be the words, 'One—two;' at the word 'two' we fire."

"One word, Walter," said Lord Woodmount, as they were preparing to place themselves; "are there no possible means of making you listen to reason?"

"It is useless to attempt anything in the way of reconciliation," cried Walter, "one or both of us must die, we shall go on firing until at least one falls. That's the reason I have chosen so secluded a spot, and so far off. I tell you one of us at least must die."

"But—"

"I will not listen to a single word more, measure twelve paces from me, and then give the signal."



"Well! if you fall, your blood be on your head."

"Be it so; to your place."

Perceiving that all endeavours to prevent the terrible encounter were and would be useless, Woodmount proceeded to follow the directions of his antagonist.

"Are you ready?" he cried, as soon as he had measured the distance and taken up his position.

"Yes."

"Then prepare; 'One—two.'"

The pistols went off so simultaneously that it seemed that one shot only had been fired.

As soon as the smoke had cleared away, Walter, who was unhurt, perceived his cousin stretched upon the ground.

For the moment all hatred, all bitter

feeling, left his breast; he felt that he had been too hasty, and that he had suffered his better nature to be blinded by rage and passion.

Hastening to Lord Woodmount's side, he raised him in his arms.

"I hope you are not badly wounded," he exclaimed, in a voice still trembling with agitation, of a very different kind from that which had shaken his frame a few moments before.

Lord Woodmount was apparently lifeless, while the blood began to ooze through the right side of his white waistcoat, which Walter tore open, and drawing aside the front of the shirt, perceived by the bright light of the moon the blood gushing from a wound of so dreadful a nature that he at once felt that there was no hope.

The ball had evidently entered between the fourth and fifth ribs, and penetrated to the lungs.

Although Walter perceived it to be useless to attempt saving the life of his late adversary, he took off his cravat and bound it tightly over the wound.

The blood ceased to flow, but the body of the fallen man remained motionless.

"Speak, Woodmount," ejaculated Walter, in an agony of grief, "one word, oh! one word! for mercy's sake let me hear you speak."

No answer was returned to this passionate appeal.

"Woodmount! Woodmount!" cried Langley, "one word of forgiveness, I beseech you."

Still no answer was returned.

The wretched young man placed his  
hand upon his cousin's heart.

There was no pulsation.

## CHAPTER III.

A farewell meeting between Walter Langley and Maria Gattey is brought to a sudden termination.

No sooner had Walter become assured that his cousin was no more than he felt the curse of Cain on his brow. The fearful effects of duelling presented themselves to his mind in their true light, while the words of the angel to the first homicide rang in his ears, as though they were being actually spoken and addressed to him.

Oh! how he wished it were possible for

him to change positions with the lifeless body at his feet; how willingly would he have given his own life, could he by so doing have restored animation to the form laid prostrate by his own hand; his! Walter Langley! the near kinsman of the slain man.

The wretched youth had remained several minutes upon his knees, with his hand still pressed upon his cousin's breast, when the sound of distant footsteps caught his ear, and raising his eyes he perceived some objects moving in the distance, in the midst of which were visible flashes, such as proceed from bayonets in the moonbeams.

Notwithstanding the excess of his despair, a natural instinct of self-preservation caused the young man to spring to his feet and fly from the approach of what was evidently either a patrol, or a party of *douaniers*.

In a few moments he had reached the wall surrounding the Villa Reale, and concealed by its shadow he proceeded with all possible haste in the direction of the city.

After about ten minutes' quick running he reached the Chiaja, where, on relaxing his pace, and perceiving there was no one in sight, he began to meditate upon what was the best line of conduct to pursue.

To remain in Naples was out of the question, on account of the severity of the laws of the country against duelling; besides, had no such laws been in force, he felt he could not remain there after what had occurred; as however the case stood it was necessary, in order to escape from a long, if not perpetual imprisonment, that he should quit the dominions of the King of the Two Sicilies within a few hours, at latest, and such a course seemed for a moment impos-

ble to manage, when he suddenly called to mind that the *Saucy Jane*, the vessel commanded by Captain Bumpstead, was about to sail that very morning. It so happened that a couple of days before Walter had got his passport *visé* for Palermo, and therefore no impediment could be placed in his way by the police authorities to his going on board the merchant vessel at once. But then, to hasten away—far away, without having bid farewell to his beloved Maria Gattey, the very idea was madness, but how to see—how speak with her. The rapidity of mental action here came to his aid, and caused him to remember that the house temporarily inhabited by the family of the young girl was a private hotel, termed in French phraseology, *entre cour et jardin*, and that the bed-chamber and *boudoir* occupied by the young girl



were on the ground-floor looking upon the garden.

“O God,” ejaculated the wretched young man, “O God, have mercy upon me, and grant my prayer; guilty as I be of the crime of Cain, grant that I may behold her once more before I go hence.”

And with action almost as quick as thought he hastened to the house occupied by the Gatteys and scaled the garden-wall, when, to his joy (if the sensation that caused his heart to beat with such frenzied violence could be termed such), he perceived a light still burning in Maria’s sitting-room, while her bed-chamber was dark.

The young girl had evidently not retired to rest, for a shadow was visible through the *persiennes* moving to and fro.

Walter glided noiselessly to the window, and placing his mouth between the inter-

stices of the outer blinds, he pronounced the name of Maria.

The word was uttered in so low a tone (hardly above a whisper) that even had any one been close behind the young man, he would have heard but an indistinct murmur.

But low as was the sound of that murmur, it reached the ear of her it was intended for, as though its transmission through the glass windows had been aided by mesmeric or magnetic agency.

Maria, who was alone, at once recognized her lover's voice. She had not retired to rest; for the events of the evening had so agitated her frame that she felt no wish for repose. "He loves me—he loves me—he has told me so!" she kept softly murmuring.

On hearing her name pronounced from

without, she hastened to the window ; and without reflecting a moment upon the propriety of her conduct, she opened the curtains, and pulling aside the bolt that fastened the frames, drew them inwards.

The *persiennes*, however, still remained closed.

"Walter, is that you?" she faltered out.

"Yes, my own dearest Maria, I am that unhappy wretch," returned her lover.

"What mean you?" exclaimed the young girl, who, as she heard the words just spoken, felt all the blood rushing to her heart ; "what has happened?"

"Maria!" whispered Walter, in a trembling voice, "little did I imagine, when you rendered me the happiest of men this evening by accepting of my love, that scarcely a brief hour would have

elapsed before my lot would have become most truly and abjectly miserable."

It was by a violent effort that Maria was enabled to retain consciousness on hearing these words, the effect of which was heightened by the agitated voice of the speaker; as it was, she sunk upon a chair that stood in the recess.

"Have courage one moment longer," continued her lover, "and listen while I relate the dreadful deed that has made me a murderer and an outcast."

Maria for a moment thought that her lover was joking as he gave utterance to this terrible self-condemnation, but the tone in which he had spoken was far too solemn and serious to allow of such a supposition, it was evident that the young man was in earnest.

"Dearest Walter," she ejaculated, "do

not keep me in this horrible state of suspense or you will kill me; say what have you done? nothing but what is noble and upright, I will be sworn."

"Thanks for that proof of your confidence, kind, generous girl; but time presses, and I must tell you all before I depart for ever."

He then proceeded to inform Miss Gattey as briefly as possible of the fatal catastrophe which had imbrued his hands with the blood of his cousin.

"Speak frankly, my dearest Maria," he added, as soon as he had finished the eventful recital, "do you not now regard me with feelings of horror?"

"Oh never," murmured the young girl, "never, dearest Walter, could I look upon you otherwise than with the sincerest affection."

“Angel!” exclaimed her lover, “how can I ever repay such confiding goodness?” and in the ecstasy of the moment caused by this last proof of her love, all remembrance of his crime—all the cause of his wretchedness, were driven from his mind. He thought only of the gentle girl whose balmy breath was fanning his fevered brow through the narrow openings of the *persiennes*. Could he but have died at that moment he would have died happy.

But this state of felicity was too exquisite to last; for the next instant the chords of his memory jarred, and in his mind’s eye he beheld his awful position in its true light. He felt that he must at once bid adieu to the young maiden, and depart without entertaining the slightest hope of ever obtaining her hand, or perhaps indeed of ever seeing her again.

Summoning up his utmost fortitude, he informed her that he was about to set sail immediately, and that within a few hours miles of ocean would separate him from all he loved.

“But God’s will be done,” he added; “what right has a murderer to hope for happiness?”

“But you are not a murderer, dearest Walter,” said Maria, tenderly.

“You mean that I have killed my cousin in a duel; very true; but, then, I forced him to defend his life, and had he refused to fight I should have still slain him. I thirsted for his blood—I levelled my pistol at his body with all the desperation of vengeance and hatred; and it was not until I saw him stretched upon the ground writhing in the agonies of death that reflection came to my aid—alas! too late,

for both the laws and my conscience regard me as a murderer. O God," he continued, as he struck his forehead with the palm of his hand, "who could have imagined that a few short hours should have wrought such a change in my position?"

As he spoke, tears of agony coursed their way down the cheeks of the wretched youth, and it seemed to him that his heart was about to burst.

"Maria," he at length exclaimed, "adieu, adieu for ever." And turning away he was about to hasten from the spot, when the young girl, unmindful of all but her all-absorbing love, threw open the *persiennes*, and leaping down into the garden, overtook her lover as he was about to climb over the wall over which he had en-



tered, and throwing her arms round his neck, entreated him not to leave thus.

In a transport of affection he clasped the lovely maiden to his breast. This last proof of her devotion totally overcame him, and forgetful of all the world besides, he planted kiss after kiss in endless succession upon the lips, eyes, and neck that recoiled not from his embrace.

These burning moments were, however, brought to a sudden conclusion by the barking of a dog, and immediately afterwards a window of the house just above the spot on which they were standing was opened, and at the same time a voice was heard, which the lovers, notwithstanding their agitated state, instantly recognized as that of Frederick Gattey.

“Who is there?” it cried out.

"It is my brother!" whispered Maria, with a shudder; "should he find us together here at such an hour you are lost."

"Fear nothing," returned Walter, in a like whisper, "we are out of sight, as the moon does not penetrate this part of the garden."

"I am sure I heard voices in the garden," continued Frederick, as if he were addressing some one who had just entered his apartment. "Give me my pistols."

"Adieu, dearest, this time for good," hastily murmured Walter; "were I to stay an instant longer I should compromise you, my own sweet Maria. One kiss more, dearest, dearest."

The next instant he had sprung over the wall and leaped into the street.

There remained but a very short time for Walter to prepare for his departure.

Having, therefore, awakened a couple of *lazzaroni*, who were sleeping beneath the porch of a church, he bargained with them to carry his luggage to the port; and desiring them to remain outside the house until his return, he entered the Casa Parete, where he lodged; and having packed up the few things he most needed, he hastily wrote out an account of the night's adventures in a letter, which he addressed to his mother, informing her of his determination to leave Naples with the intention of remaining at Gibraltar, until he should have heard from her, at the same time imploring her pardon for quitting her so abruptly. "I am convinced," he added, "that were you to know of my purpose before I go on board you would insist upon accompanying me; and I wish to spare you the fatigues of a

sea voyage in a sailing vessel at this season of the year."

Having sealed the envelope, he gently entered his mother's bed-chamber and placed the letter upon the table ; then turning towards the bed, on which reclined the sleeping form of Mrs Langley, he mentally invoked a fervent benediction upon the head of his beloved parent ; and then, descending into the street, bade the *lazzaroni* follow him to the port.

## CHAPTER IV.

Walter goes on board the *Saucy Jane*.

DAWN was beginning to break upon the bay of Naples, when the honest captain of the *Saucy Jane*, having cast his well-practised eye over his trim three-masted vessel, perceived with satisfaction that all was taut and in perfect order: his crew and cargo were on board, not a hand was either wanting or drunk. There was a fresh wind blowing, and the sky was without a cloud; nothing therefore prevented Captain Bump-

stead from ordering the anchor to be weighed and to set sail, but the necessity of his receiving the last visit of the commissary of the port. More than one hearty imprecation had been invoked upon the head of the absent functionary, whose delay in arriving was causing such a loss of time, when the splashing of oars was heard approaching.

“Well, thank my stars,” exclaimed the captain, “the fellow is coming at last. Here, my lads, look sharp, put out the ropes for his Excellency;—pretty country, indeed, where they call a yellow-faced, dirty land-lubber, ‘Your Excellency.’ I have no doubt the pettifogging rascal will pretend to find something wrong, in order to have his palm greased with a few ducats, but here he comes, so let us receive him as politely as possible.”

The boat having come alongside, the occupant of its stern-sheets came on board, when Captain Bumpstead perceived that, instead of the commissary of the port, the new comer was Walter.

"Mr Langley, I declare," exclaimed the commander of the *Saucy Jane*. "Well, better late than never; come down into my cabin at once, and let us commence an attack upon the contents of my locker."

"I am come for a very different purpose to what you imagine, Captain Bumpstead," returned Walter, taking that person aside; "since we parted at the ball I have been engaged in a duel, and the consequences are such that I must immediately fly the kingdom."

"Gracious me," ejaculated the commander.

“I have therefore come to request a passage to Gibraltar on board your vessel.”

“No occasion to request, Mr Langley; of course you are heartily welcome to all that lies in my power; but you must be aware that the police regulations are very strict in these parts; and as the custom-house and police officers who are on board to prevent any one secreting himself here have been witnesses of your coming, it will be impossible to conceal your presence from the commissary, whom I expect every moment.”

“I am provided against any impediment from that source,” said Walter, “for I had my passport *visé* for Palermo yesterday; and as you intend touching at that port, my passage on board of your vessel will not appear extraordinary.”

“In that case, I shall be most happy at



having you for a messmate as long as you choose to remain. By-the-by, have you any luggage?"

"Yes, a small quantity."

"Then I will give orders to have it hauled on board and taken below. Here, steward!"

"Your slave awaits your commands, noble captain," cried a voice from below, in answer to this appellation.

"Come on deck."

"Here I am," said, a moment afterwards, a man who had tumbled up the hatchway; "all hail, great master! grave sir, all hail! I come to answer thy best pleasure."

"Get this gentleman's traps out of the boat alongside, and take them below into the cabin next mine."

"I go, I go," was the answer, "look

how I go—swifter than an arrow from a Tartar's bow!"

"D—n your Shakespeare," cried the captain, angrily, "my quarter-deck is no playhouse, so just obey orders without any more nonsense."

"Nay, captain, don't damn Shakspeare," returned the steward, "it's rank blasphemy."

"Will you do as you are bid? without any shilly-shallying."

"I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," said the steward, as he hastened to the gangway.

"That fellow, with his eternal spoutings, is enough to wear out the patience of Job himself to tatters," observed the captain, as he conducted Langley below; "one can never get the lubber to do the sim-

plest thing in the world without his slobbering out a dozen quotations."

It was easy to perceive by the arrangements of what in sea phraseology is termed the state-room, that they were presided over by a regular seaman; everything was in good order, and, above all, the utmost trimness and cleanliness pervaded the cabin. One accustomed to the order of a man-of-war had evidently looked to it.

"Here is your berth," said the skipper, opening the door of an after-cabin, "I wish I had better quarters to offer you, but as I was not aware that I was about to have you as a messmate, you must excuse being forced to rough it a little."

"Your hospitality has no occasion for excuse," returned Langley, "I can never be sufficiently grateful for your kindness."

"Now, pray don't mention it, or we shall quarrel," said the skipper.

"Were it not for you I should be arrested within a few hours, and you, perhaps, know what it is to be confined, for however short a time, in a Neapolitan dungeon!"

"I should rather think I did; I was once kept there for forty-eight hours for a pretended infraction of the port regulations, and God have mercy upon those who get locked up there; why, the Bagnio at Constantinople is a paradise to it, and it's bad enough in all conscience."

"You cannot then be surprised at my being thankful to you for receiving me on board, for I should have had no other means of getting away until it should have been too late, and the laws of the country

concerning duelling are very severe, particularly—”

“When one kills one’s man.” Added the captain, coolly.

Walter covered his eyes with his hands, and sunk upon a chair.

“Come, cheer up, Mr Langley,” cried the kind-hearted seaman, “you are not the first gentleman who has pinked his adversary; accidents, you know, will happen in the best-regulated families.”

“But this duel was so horrible! Oh, I shall never be able to forget it, I shall always have that corpse before my eyes, with that dreadful wound in the breast.”

“Time will work wonders, Mr Langley; in the mean time just try and think of something else. Steward!” he continued, as that functionary entered with Walter’s

luggage, "put the liquors and glasses on the table."

"Anon ! anon ! sir, score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon," was the answer.

"Now I tell you, once for all, to have done with your spouting," cried the captain, "and do what you are desired."

"Immediately, captain," returned the man, "but don't be angry, 'for sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.'"

"If you don't finish with your Shakespeare, I'll have no mercy on you, but indubitably break your head," cried the skipper, beginning to get really angry.

"There's a doubt about it," answered the other, as he began to open a locker and take from it some bottles and a couple of glasses, which he placed on the table.

"A doubt about what?"

"A doubt of that last line being from

Shakespeare, many critics declare that Titus Andronicus is not from the pen of the immortal Will."

"I only hope, for your sake, you'll prove immortal, otherwise some of these days I'll be the death of you; now just finish your business and cut your stumps, or—"

"Immediately, captain," said the steward, as he proceeded to put the finishing touch to the refreshment arrangements; "bid me kill myself and I will do it."

"You incorrigible dog," roared out the skipper, seizing his log-book, and raising it up in the air; before, however, he could hurl it at the offender's head, that individual had disappeared through the pantry door.

"The fellow would be a capital steward," said Captain Bumpstead, becoming molli-

fied, "if he could cure himself of that infernal habit; as it is, I shall infallibly end by breaking his head one of these days. Anyhow, whether he die in his bed or of a cracked skull, you may be sure it will be with a line from Shakespeare or some other dramatic poet in his mouth."

At this moment the commissary of the port was announced, and a bilious-looking personage, with very dirty hands and a long nose, which he kept constantly filling with snuff, entered the cabin, accompanied by his clerk, whose hands and face were even filthier than those of his master.

"Are all your crew on board?" he surlily inquired in broken English.

"Yes," returned the skipper, "we have been ready to set sail for the last hour, and are only waiting for the honour of your visit."



"You could not expect me to get out of bed in the middle of the night to please you," was the gruff reply.

"Of course not," responded the seaman, with a forced smile, while at the same moment he felt a very particular and peculiar desire to apply the point of his boot with no gentle force to a nameless part of the jack-in-office's person, "I merely wished to observe that we are quite prepared to weigh anchor."

"Is that person one of your crew?" inquired the functionary, pointing to Langley, "I think I have seen him on shore more than once."

"No! your Excellency, that gentleman," returned the skipper, laying great stress upon the last word, "is a passenger."

"I did not know you took passengers?"

"Not in general, but Mr Langley is a particular friend of mine, and is going with us as far as Palermo."

"He can go by the steamer in that case!" remarked the obstinate-minded functionary.

"Pardon me, sir," replied Walter, with great presence of mind, "but as the steamer does not start for three days, and I want to reach that town as soon as possible, I am taking advantage of my friend Captain Bumpstead's departure."

"Your passport."

Langley produced the required document, which the commissary perused with great attention, in the hopes of finding something wrong; for the unamiable personage, happening to be in rather a worse humour than usual, would have been delighted at

discovering some means of vexing somebody, but unfortunately for the gratification of this good-natured desire, the passport proved to be perfectly *en règle*, and the sulky jack-in-office was obliged to return it without cavil, which he did with something between a grunt and a groan.

“Before your Excellency goes on deck for the purpose of calling over the names of the crew,” observed the skipper, as soon as the commissary had finished examining the ship’s papers, without being able to discover a flaw in them, “I trust you will do me the honour of taking a morning glass.”

The commissary’s eyes glistened as the commander of the vessel poured out a goodly dose of spirits for him; the fellow was half humanized by the sight and the smell of

the excellent cognac, a few glasses of which served to work such wonders, that as he was going down to his boat he actually wished his entertainer a good voyage. As for his clerk, the poor fellow was in an ecstasy of delight, for the skipper slipped the brandy-bottle into his coat pocket and a ducat into his hand ; of course his master had previously received the usual blackmail, without which no Italian police functionary ever quitted ship about to sail on a sea or traveller about to start on a land journey.

“And now, Mr Smith, up with the anchor,” cried the captain to his first mate, as the boat pulled off to shore. Were the devil to take the commissary, his wife and children, and children’s children to boot, the world would be no great

loser. I declare, Mr Langley," he continued, addressing Walter, "that I began to fear at one moment that all was up with you."

"So did I," replied the young man; "fortunately my passport was perfectly in order;—but I beg pardon, Captain Bumpstead, you must be occupied at present, and no passenger ought to talk to either the captain or his officers while a ship is getting under weigh."

"You were born to be a sailor, Mr Langley, like your excellent uncle, who is the best seaman that ever stepped the quarter-deck of a British man-of-war; and that's not saying a little."

The sun was rising as the *Saucy Jane* tacked out of the harbour, and in about a quarter of an hour after the vessel

had weighed anchor, she passed near that portion of the coast where the duel had taken place during the night. Walter shuddered as he came in sight of the fatal spot; he could not turn away his gaze from the contemplation of the few yards of ground upon which he had so lately acted such a terrible part, but as nearly a quarter of a mile intervened between the ship's deck and the beach, he was unable to perceive with his naked eye whether or not the body of Lord Woodmount was still lying there. Having, however, swept the shore with a spy-glass belonging to one of the mates, he could not discover by its use any object resembling a human form, and as the beach was in that place perfectly smooth, it became evident to him that before that time the corpse must have been discovered and carried off.

How bitterly his conscience smote him as he gazed upon those few yards of ground ! how sharply were his feelings racked with agony as he reflected that the blood of his victim was still warm, while his spirit was now before the judgment-seat of God, unshriven—unrepentant !

So deep was the mental anguish felt by the thoroughly penitent youth, that for a time he brooded over his dreadful crime without bestowing a single thought upon aught else,—his mother, Maria, friends, and hopes for the future, all were merged in that one, sad, gloomy reflection, that the mark of Cain was upon his brow.

Just as his mental feelings were becoming too overpowering for his corporeal frame, the ship went about ; had it not done so, had not the spot where the fatal duel had been fought been suddenly shut

out from his view, in a few moments more Walter Langley would have become a maniac.

Fortunately a reaction, consequent on the change of scene, took place before his brain gave way under the pressure of his thoughts. The busy movement, too, going on deck, the effects of the brisk sea air, and the motion of the ship as it danced swiftly over the waves, all combined to brace his nerves.

Acting upon a sudden impulse he went down to his cabin, and falling upon his knees, poured forth the sincerest and most fervent prayer that had ever issued from his lips, while tears of the deepest contrition gushed from his eyelids.

Having opened his heart to his Creator, he arose comforted, but sad, and in this frame of mind went upon deck.



"I have an idea, Mr Langley," said the captain, "that there has been a pursuit after you, for while you were below we could see a boat which seemed to be giving us chase, but there is now no danger, for whoever they may be who manned it found it was no go, for the *Saucy Jane* had too good legs to be caught, so they have gone about."

And he pointed in the direction of the shore, where a boat pulled by several rowers was plainly visible, returning to the port.

Oh! had Walter but known whom that boat contained, and what news they had for him, he would not have been so ready to give thanks for what he imagined to be his escape.

As the vessel cleared the island of Capri, the wind freshened and became quite fair;

before long the smoke of Vesuvius had sunk beneath the horizon, and the *Saucy Jane* was dancing over the blue water at the rate of ten knots an hour in the direction of Palermo.

## CHAPTER V.

Frederick Gattey makes a most unexpected and agreeable discovery.

WE will now for a while leave the *Saucy Jane* and her passenger, and return to Naples.

As soon as Walter Langley had disappeared over the garden wall, Maria Gattey hastened back towards the window through which she had passed, when just as she was putting her foot upon the steps that intervened between the ground outside and the floor of her room, she felt a hand laid upon

her shoulder, and on turning round, perceived her brother holding a pistol in his hand.

“What are you doing here at this time of night, Maria?” he inquired, sternly.

“I have been walking in the garden,” returned his sister, “the moon is so beautiful, and I felt so feverish after the ball, that I thought the air would do me good.”

“Do not attempt to deceive me,” said Gattey, still more sternly than before; “you were not alone just now, for I heard the sound of voices.”

“The garden-wall is upon the street,” suggested his sister, “and it is easy to hear from the house any noise or voices proceeding from thence.”

“It is useless attempting to tell me a falsehood,” exclaimed the young man, “but let us go into your room, for morning is

approaching and the air is getting chilly ; come in, for I have much to say to you."

With these words he led her into her *boudoir* and closed the *persiennes* and window.

"Maria," he began, as soon as they were both seated, "it is perfectly useless to deny the truth, for I am convinced that you have just received a visit from Walter Langley."

The young girl did not answer, but covered her face with her hands.

"Tell me everything without hesitation," continued her brother ; "has or has not Walter Langley been here ? I put it to your honour."

"He has," replied his sister.

"He has, in that case, visited you here, and at such an hour too—here in this room ?" said Frederick, bitterly.

"Not in this room, he never passed the window-steps."

"In the garden then?"

Maria was silent.

"You do not then deny," cried her brother, in a cold sarcastic tone, "that you, Maria Gattey, forgetful of all that is due to your birth and position in society, have received a lover clandestinely, and in the dead of night?"

"One moment, listen to me one moment!" exclaimed his sister, stung to the quick by Gattey's tone and manner. "I do not deny that Walter Langley has been here—that I have spoken to him, but were you to know all the circumstances that gave rise to his unexpected visit you would not be so ready to accuse me of acting in a manner unbecoming my position."

"In that case explain all," said Gattey, in a rather more kindly tone of voice; "I am but too ready to think the best of your conduct, suspicious as it may appear."

"I was sitting," commenced Maria, "alone in this room, feeling no inclination to retire to rest, when I heard my name uttered outside the window by a voice which I at once recognized as that of Walter Langley. You surely cannot blame me for opening the window to hear what he had to say. I did so, however, without opening the *persiennes*, when he informed me in the most agitated manner that he was come to bid me farewell, perhaps for ever, as he was forced to fly immediately from Naples."

"To fly from Naples! what for?" inquired Gattey, in astonishment.

"He had just fought a duel and killed his adversary," returned his sister, with a shudder, as she called to mind the description of the encounter as given by her lover.

"Killed his adversary! fought a duel! with whom?"

"With his cousin, Lord Woodmount."

"Good God, I see it all now," cried Gattey, horror-struck; "it is evident to me that Langley, who had overheard what his cousin had said to me this evening at the Academia, has called him to account. I ought to have guessed what a man of his spirit would do when we left the ball, still, considering the nearness of their relationship, I could hardly have imagined that an encounter was possible between the two young men.



“Did not Lord Woodmount calumniate Walter to you in a most base, infamous manner?”

“I own that he said things concerning his cousin’s mother which were enough to have driven any son, with the slightest feeling in his bosom, to frenzy; still there is no proof of those assertions being calumnies.”

“They must be,” exclaimed Maria, with generous energy, “Mrs Langley can never have been otherwise than what she is now, the best, the purest of her sex.”

“You are scarcely a competent judge of such things, my dear Maria,” returned her brother, “for you, of course, are prejudiced, and not unnaturally, in her favour; but for my part, I must own that there was something in Lord Woodmount’s man-

ner that staggered me, for he spoke like one who was convinced of the truth of what he was saying."

"But if he said anything against Mrs Langley, Lord Woodmount must have spoken falsely."

"My dearest Maria," said Frederick in a very kind manner, "you are too young, inexperienced, and ignorant of the world to be able to judge of what people have been. I perfectly agree with you that Mrs Langley is at present a model for her sex, but has she always been so? that is the question."

"I will be sworn she has," ejaculated Maria, "I would risk my life upon it. How could one so good have ever erred?"

"Before her conversion the Magdalene, if we are to place any faith in tradition, was a great sinner," observed her

brother, "but let us hope for the best, and that Lord Woodmount's assertions, or rather insinuations, are calumnies."

"In that case—" began Maria.

"In that case," interrupted the young man "I shall be most happy and proud to accept of Walter Langley for my brother-in-law, even had he killed a dozen cousins."

Maria seized her brother's hand and pressed it to her heart.

"To return, however, to what has brought me here," resumed Gattey; "you are to blame for having opened your *persiennes* and joined Langley in the garden; the world is but too prone to find fault, and had you been seen by any of our innumerable countrymen that infest these lands, there would have been no end to the tittle-tattle of those busy-bodies."

“Perhaps, had I reflected on what I was doing, I might have hesitated before I acted as I did; but when I threw open those *persiennes* and leaped into the garden I had just suddenly heard the man I love with all my heart declare that he was on the point of going away from me, perhaps for ever. How could I reflect over what was proper or improper at such an instant? I acted upon the impulse of the moment, and I feel that I have no reason to be ashamed of my conduct.”

There was such an energetic warmth in the tone of the young girl's voice, that it was evident to her brother that though her mind was as pure as the driven snow, her heart was irretrievably gone.

“My own dear Maria,” he said, putting his arm fondly round her waist, “do

you really and truly love Walter Langley?"

"Do I love him?" exclaimed his sister, while an angelic smile played over her beautiful features, "do I love him? can you ask me?"

"In that case, I hope and trust that Lord Woodmount is a calumniator, or rather, for the sake of his honour, I pray that he may have been mistaken when he spoke to me in the Academia."

"God grant it be so," said Maria; "it would be too dreadful to think that at this moment he is appearing before the judgment-seat of his Creator with a slanderous falsehood in his mouth!"

"You were observing that Walter was on the point of quitting Naples, did he say in what manner?" asked Gattey.

"No, he was just about to do so, I believe, when he was interrupted by the sound of your voice."

"I wish I could get to speak to him before he goes," said her brother, "and I will do all I can to endeavour to manage it; but it is nearly daybreak, my dear Maria, so go to bed at once and try to get some sleep, while I hasten to the Casa Parete. If I arrive in time, be assured, my own dear sister, that before he goes hence he shall receive my sanction to your union, provided—"

"—Provided what?" muttered Maria, trembling with a mingled sensation of hope and agitation.

"Provided he be not illegitimate."

"And should he be so, that will cause no difference in my sentiments towards him," exclaimed the young girl, fervently; "what—"

ever be his birth, I love and shall love him till the hour of my death."

"If he be illegitimate," returned Frederick, sorrowfully, "you know both my opinion and that of our mother on the subject, and must never expect to receive our sanction to your marriage. If, however, on the contrary, he be the legitimate son of the late Colonel Langley, were he as poor as Lazarus, I would be proud of his alliance. But time presses, and I must be off," he continued as he rose; then planting an affectionate kiss upon his sister's cheek, down which the tears were rolling in profusion, he left the room.

"O God, I pray thee, have mercy upon Walter!" ejaculated the young girl, throwing herself upon her knees as soon as she was alone.

In the mean while Frederick Gattey,

having called at the Casa Parete and discovered that Walter had already quitted the house, was directing his course along the Chiaja, when he came suddenly upon some soldiers, who were proceeding very slowly along, in consequence of their carrying what appeared to be a heavy burden, and which proved, on a nearer approach, to be a man.

"What is the matter?" inquired the young Englishman of the corporal.

"A wounded Signor, whom we found on the beach below the Villa Reale," returned the soldier.

"Ha! Captain Gattey, is that you?" exclaimed the sufferer in English.

Frederick was taken utterly aback as he heard these words, for the speaker was no other than Lord Woodmount.

"I thought you were killed, my Lord,"



he observed, as soon as his surprise allowed him to express himself in words.

“Oh! you have already heard of the affair, have you?” returned the young nobleman. “Do not, however, let these fellows get an inkling of what has happened, as I do not particularly wish the police to get scent of the duel; not that I have any desire to screen the devil incarnate who shot me, but for my own sake.”

“But what, then, have you told these soldiers?”

“That I have been attacked by robbers—that is, I have done all I can to make them understand that it was so—and I think I have succeeded, although I am a wretched Italian scholar.”

“Are you dangerously wounded?”

“Luckily not, it would seem! but I

have had a very narrow escape; I will tell you more when we arrive at my hotel; pray come with me."

In a few minutes they had arrived at the place where Lord Woodmount lodged, where the corporal and his men, after having carried the wounded man up-stairs, received such a handsome present that, notwithstanding its being a Neapolitan custom never to appear satisfied, they expressed their admiration of the Signor's generosity.

"Your Excellency may rest assured that we will catch the villains," cried the corporal; "before many hours they will be all lodged in prison, or, *corpo di Bacco*, my name is not Giuseppe Ferranti."

"Signor Giuseppe," returned Gattey, with a polite bow, "you are an honour to

your country and an ornament to the army."

"Your Serene Highness is too good," replied the corporal, as he retired with his men.

"It is lucky the fellow is gone," remarked Frederick, as the door closed upon the soldiers; "had that corporal remained five minutes longer he would have made a Cardinal or even a Pope of me."

In a short time an English surgeon who had been sent for arrived, and having examined the wound, pronounced it to be not at all dangerous; Lord Woodmount had, however, escaped by a miracle, for the ball having struck a rib, had penetrated beneath the skin for several inches round the body, and then come out near the middle of the chest, forming a wound very ghastly

to the unpractised eye, but, in fact, very slight. The insensibility that had ensued had been caused by the back of the young nobleman's head coming in contact with a sharp flint, which had indeed inflicted a much severer wound than that caused by the pistol bullet, which had fortunately been charged by Neapolitan and not English powder. In short, the surgeon gave it as his opinion that before many days should have passed the wounded man would be able to leave his room.

As soon as the surgeon had taken his departure, Lord Woodmount earnestly requested his visitor to keep secret the duel that had taken place.

"As I have already observed," he said, "it is not for the sake of that infernal villain, Walter, that I wish to hush up the affair, but for my own, as, should it become

known to the police authorities that I have been engaged in a duel, I should inevitably be consigned to durance vile, notwithstanding my being the suffering party, thanks to that fiend, that infernal fiend, Walter Langley."

"You are too harsh in your terms against your cousin," interrupted Gattey; "you must remember that he overheard what you said to me at the Academia, which was enough to drive him to desperation."

"What right had the fellow to be angry at the truth being told?" returned Woodmount.

"If it be the truth it was the more galling; but pray pardon me, you require repose, and I will, therefore, leave you for the present. When you are quite recovered, I will then, with your leave, re-

quest you to acquaint me with all the circumstances attending the birth of your cousin."

On finding himself once more in the street, Frederick Gattey came to a resolution which did honour to his feelings, and proved that although his better nature was somewhat tainted by an over-weening pride of birth, still his heart was in its right place. He felt convinced that before quitting Naples, Walter must have informed his mother of what he believed to be the fatal termination of his encounter with his cousin, and that in consequence Mrs Langley would be suffering from a false and painful impression, which he determined at once to soothe by informing her of Lord Woodmount's unexpected resurrection, and as she would in all probability know whither her son had pro-

ceeded, he might be enabled to arrest his flight.

Acting upon this kind determination, he proceeded, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour—it was not yet six o'clock—to the Casa Parete, and having caused Mrs Langley's maid to be awakened, desired her to tell her mistress that he had something of the utmost importance to communicate to her.

At the moment the maid entered the room, Paulina was sitting upon her bed reading her son's letter, which she had just found. To describe the anguish of the fond mother would be impossible; all things seemed to be swimming around her, and had she not been aroused by her servant's voice, she would inevitably have fainted. For some moments she could hardly make out the meaning of the mes-

sage that had been sent, and when at length she understood that Captain Gattey was waiting in the drawing-room, she could not be persuaded but that he had brought the news of Walter's arrest.

Having hurriedly dressed herself, she hastened into the presence of her visitor, exclaiming in an agonized voice:—

“ Oh tell me where he is, that I may go to him ! ”

“ I imagined that he would have informed you whither he intended going,” said Gattey, quite taken aback by the violence of the mother's grief.

“ Is he arrested, where is he ? ” continued Paulina, wildly. “ Oh, lead me to him, I beseech you.”

“ So far from his being arrested,” said the other, “ I am happy at being able to inform you that there is no necessity for



his flight, as Lord Woodmount is not only not killed, but is happily in no danger."

On hearing these comforting tidings, the revulsion of her feelings was so great that Paulina sank upon a chair.

"Oh! bless you, sir," she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak, "bless you for this welcome news."

"I have hurried here," continued the young man, "in order, if it be not too late, to try and prevent Walter quitting Naples, and if you can tell me in what direction to hasten I will start immediately and endeavour to overtake him."

Paulina still held her son's letter in her hand, and upon hearing her visitor's last observation, she at once read the passage in which Walter had mentioned his intention of going on board the *Saucy Jane*!

"The *Saucy Jane*," cried the young

man, "why, she was to sail at sunrise, and, by Heavens," he continued, looking through the window upon the sea, "there she goes."

As he spoke he pointed to a vessel which had just tacked out of the harbour, and was sailing close-hauled across the bay.

"It is too late," ejaculated Mrs Langley, bursting into tears, "my poor boy is on board that ship, suffering all the anguish of remorse; he is going from hence with despair in his heart, and imagining he has the blood of a fellow-creature upon his conscience. Walter, my child, my own dear Walter," she cried aloud, opening the window, as if it were possible he could hear her, "come back, Lord Woodmount is not dead; come back to your mother, Walter! Oh! this is enough to drive one mad. He is not

a mile off, and there is no possibility of communicating with him."

"All hope is not yet lost," cried Frederick Gattey; "it so happens that I have got an excellent four-oared boat, moored just off the Crocelli, and I will do all that is humanly possible to overtake the vessel. I shall have the advantage of being able to steer a direct course, while the *Saucy Jane* is obliged to tack about. Good-bye for the present, my dear madam, I hope to be back again in a few hours, and not alone."

So energetically did the young officer go to work, that within twenty minutes of his quitting the Casa Parete, he was in the stern-sheets of his boat, which, impelled by the vigorous efforts of four sturdy rowers, was darting swiftly over the waters in the direction of the *Saucy Jane*.

Notwithstanding, however, all their exertions, young Gattey underwent the bitter disappointment of perceiving that the outlines of the vessel's hull and rigging were becoming gradually more and more indistinct, and at length, after alternately vociferating forth threats and promises to his crew, he was forced to agree with the opinion given by the padrone, that no human energy could possibly enable the boat to get within hail of that fast-sailing barque, which seemed to mock at its pursuers as it flew over the waves.

## BOOK VII.

## CHAPTER I.

A variety of exciting incidents take place on board the *Saucy Jane* at a most critical moment.

AFTER quitting Palermo, at which port she had touched in order to take in some casks of Marsala wine, the *Saucy Jane* met with contrary and baffling winds during nearly the whole of her passage to Gibraltar, and by which her course was so greatly retarded that at the end of a week the vessel was still more than a hundred miles from the Rock, and in the midst of a dead calm.

The sun had just gone down, when Walter heard the commander give orders to the mate on watch to furl the main and fore sails, to lower the topgallant-sail, and double reef the top-sails.

The order caused some surprise to the young man, as at the moment it was given not a breath of air was stirring, while at the same time the surface of the dark blue sea was undisturbed by a single ripple.

"Captain," he asked, addressing that seaman, who was smoking a cigar on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, "is there any chance of a wind springing up from some quarter before morning, that you are going to take in those reefs?"

"The Lord only knows for certain," was the answer; "I have, however, for my part, a pretty considerable portion of an

idea that before long we shall not only have enough, but rather more than sufficient."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, just look at the north-east, there's a bit of a bank rising, as it were, out of the sea, tipped with a line of fire; to my ear, too, this calm sea appears to be groaning as though it felt that a tornado was approaching to change its glass-like smoothness into a pell-mell. I've often navigated this part of the Mediterranean, and learned enough of its caprices to be seldom mistaken in my prognostics. Take my word for it, Mr Langley, that within two hours it will be blowing cats and dogs."

"So much the better, if the wind be fair, for it will take us all the sooner into Gibraltar."

The skipper shook his head.

"God grant that we arrive safe at that port, for I have got a good deal of business to do there," he observed; "I must, however, candidly confess that I should not be surprised at our being forced to run before the wind some hundreds of miles into the Atlantic."

"You do not mean to say, Captain Bumpstead, that there is a chance of our not touching at Gibraltar?"

"Not only one, but five chances to six. You see, Mr Langley, that this north-easterly gale, if it blows hard, and of that there is a hundred chances to one, will be quite contrary to our entering the port, and the only thing that will remain for us to do will be to run before the wind right into the Atlantic."

"But in that case," said Walter, in a



tone of vexed surprise, "I shall have to go all the way to the West Indies with you, as I cannot expect you to return to the Straits after having once passed through them."

"It would be quite contrary to the rules and regulations set down by the underwriters, who are the greatest tyrants under the sun; there is a chance, if it does not blow too hard, of our overhauling some pilot boat, but I am afraid you must not rely too much upon that; any how, if you do take a forced trip to the West Indies there won't be much harm in it, you might visit a worse place than Port Royal."

"But I expect to find most important letters at Gibraltar."

"Well, I am afraid they must wait; and to comfort yourself, Mr Langley, remem-

ber the proverb, 'No news good news;' but I declare the air is getting a little chilly now the sun is gone down. What do you say to a glass of cognac and hot water?"

"That one might easily take a worse thing."

"Then we'll have it on deck. Here, steward, some cognac, hot water, and sugar, and be quick about it."

In a few minutes the individual addressed appeared with a tray and its accompaniments.

"Put it down on the capstan," said the captain.

"I go and it is done," was the observation of the steward as he obeyed the order.

"Now, Mr Langley, help yourself," continued the skipper, "and if you'll take

my advice, you'll put more brandy and less water into your glass than you usually do."

"The fact is, Captain," said Walter, "that your cognac is so strong I am almost afraid of it."

"Pooh, nonsense, it will never do you any harm, not a headache in a hogshead of it; come, take my advice to-night."

"Not to-night, good Iago," exclaimed the steward, "I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment."

"Now you're at it again," cried the skipper; "just hold your jaw, or look out for squalls."

"One moment, noble captain," answered the man:

"If I can fasten but one cup upon him  
With that he hath drunk to-night already,

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
As my young mistress' dog."

"If you don't stop your infernal chattering," cried his master, "you'll find me full of quarrel and offence, and to your cost; once for all, you fool, will you hold your jabbering tongue!"

"I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not," spouted the steward.

"You had better look out for squalls, you idiot," exclaimed the captain, "for my fingers-itch to give you a cuff."

"Exactly what Ajax says to Thersites, captain, but you will excuse my giving the answer of Thersites, it's rather too much."

Captain Bumpstead might here have proceeded to carry his threats into immediate execution, had not the mate on watch aken off his attention by pointing in the direction of the north-east.

"We shall not be long without a squall, sir," he remarked.

While the captain was hastening to give the necessary orders, Walter, addressing the steward, observed to him that he was pushing his master's patience to its utmost limits.

"I am afraid if you do not mind," he said, "you will be getting into trouble."

"Oh, Lor, no, sir," returned the man. "Why it is more than ten years since we began to sail together, and we have got quite used to each other's ways; although it must be owned that he now and then does look a little savage, there's not much malice in him."

"I presume," asked Walter, "that from your constant habit of spouting, you were not brought up to the sea, but were formerly in some literary profession?"

“ You are quite right, sir ; these poor legs of mine, now engaged in the humble occupation of running up and down the hatchway of a merchant-ship, once formed the delight of numerous and select audiences.”

“ You were an actor then ? ”

“ A dramatic artist, sir, and I flatter myself one of no mean reputation, not undeserved either, like that of many of your first-rate stars, for, as Hamlet says, ‘ There be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature’s journey-men had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.’ ”

“ But why, being such a favourite with

the public, did you quit the boards of a stage to walk the planks of a ship?"

"Destiny, hard destiny," returned the steward. "'This is the excellent foppery of the world! that when we are sick of fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars, as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and traitors by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting on.' I must, however, observe that my hard destiny was not brought round by a surfeit of my own behaviour, and I may truly say that my life has been a most adventurous one. I could speak of most disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood and field—"

“Never mind that quotation,” interrupted Langley, “it is so very well known; but to the point,—Why did you leave the stage?”

“All the world’s a stage—I beg pardon sir, of course you know that,—but to answer your question, I must beg to observe that had I been a stick, a thorough stick, I should have found no difficulty in strutting my short hour at Covent Garden or Drury-lane; but unfortunately, although I say it, I was endowed with an amount of natural talent, I might almost say genius, that excited the envy and jealousy of my competitors. ‘Oh, my Lord, beware of jealousy.’ By the by, when did I quote that last? Let me see—why, to a gentleman of the same name as yourself, and such a top-sawyer too, ‘a finished gentleman from top to toe,’—that’s Byron, not Shakespeare.



But to return to the point,—Did you ever hear of the late Colonel Langley, of the —th Dragoons?”

“When and where did you meet him?” exclaimed Walter, in a tone of the most unequivocal surprise.

“Why, I had the honour of making his acquaintance at a villa near Richmond under rather peculiar circumstances, which were the occasion—for ’tis an ill-wind, &c.—of my having had the very best benefit-night that the little theatre at Richmond ever did and will behold, though the world should hold together three thousand years more.”

“What were the circumstances to which you alluded?” inquired Langley, whose curiosity was excited at hearing the name of his father so unexpectedly mentioned by the steward.

“The fact is, I and a friend of mine, a first business man of great talent, were the means, about some three-and-twenty years ago, of saving a beautiful young lady from the clutches of Colonel Langley’s brother, the Earl of Forestdale.”

“What! were you one of those gallant young men who so nobly came to the rescue of Miss Paulina Worthington?” ejaculated the young man.

“Why, you seem to know something of the affair, sir,” remarked the other.

“And no wonder,” said the young man, “for Colonel Langley was no other than my own father, and Miss Worthington, whom you saved from dishonour, and consequently from death, was my mother.”

“Good gracious, is it possible?” exclaimed Mr Cockle, for the reader will long since have recognized our old acquaint-

ance; "well, this is an extraordinary meeting. I should call it a miracle, but Shakespeare says 'Miracles are past, and we have our philosophic persons to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless—'"

"Pray give me a concise account," said Walter, interrupting the quotation from 'All's well that ends well,' "as far as you can remember, of the scene that occurred at the villa; I am anxious to hear the full particulars from one who was present on that eventful occasion."

In compliance with this wish, Cockle proceeded to recount what had happened on the occasion alluded to.

While the ex-comedian was speaking, Walter's heart beat violently from the effect of subdued emotion; he felt that had Lord Forestdale stood before him at that

moment he could have seized him by the throat, the bitterest feelings of hate and revenge again usurped their sway, and for the time put to flight all the sentiments of remorse by which his bosom had been racked ever since the terrible encounter that had taken place at Naples.

“The wretch,” he muttered, “not content with having attempted to dishonour my mother, he has placed it in the power of his vile son to blast and ruin my happiness. But heaven made me an engine of its wrath when I slew the miserable offspring of the reprobate peer.”

At this moment a violent squall caused the ship to careen so suddenly, that both Walter and Cockle nearly lost their equilibrium.

“That squall,” said Cockle, as soon as

it had passed over, "puts me in mind of just such another that we had immediately after your parents' marriage was celebrated, and which—I mean of course the squall, and not the marriage ceremony—nearly threw us all over together,—captain, lieutenant, bridegroom, bride, chaplain, and your humble servant."

On hearing this last sentence, Walter felt himself unable to speak for a few moments, so great was his agitation, and having seized hold of the speaker's arm, he grasped it so tightly that the man uttered an exclamation of pain.

"What is the matter, sir?" he asked.

At length Walter, by using a violent effort, managed to speak, but the tone of his voice was so changed that it could hardly have been recognized.

"What! were you on board the ship in which my father and mother were married?" he cried.

"Why, I was in the cabin at the time," answered Cockle, "and signed my name to the certificate as one of the witnesses."

No sooner had Walter heard these last words than everything seemed to swim around him, then he felt as if a heavy weight were bearing him down, a noise as of a hundred cataracts sounded in his ears, he gasped in vain for breath, and fell back insensible.

## CHAPTER II.

Mr Cockle spins his yarn, which is interrupted in a most unpleasant manner.

WHEN Walter became restored to consciousness, he found himself lying in his berth, while Captain Bumpstead and Cockle were chafing his temples with brandy.

“Thank God, Mr Langley,” exclaimed the former, as the young man began to look round him, “it’s all right at last; I thought, however, at one time that you would never open your eyes again; I declare it has made me feel all no how, to see

you lying there like a dead corpse. It's an awful sight that of a man fainting; as for women, one is accustomed to such things, as far as they are concerned; but how do you feel now?"

"Many thanks, Captain," said Walter, as he raised himself from a recumbent to a sitting posture; "excepting a slight giddiness, I feel as well as ever."

"I am glad of it," returned the skipper, "for I am obliged to leave you to go on deck, as it is blowing a hurricane."

"The storm has begun then?"

"I should just think it had, the squalls have settled now into a regular gale, and we are going ten knots with a side wind under double-reefed top-sails."

"In that case, I must have been a long time insensible?"



"More than half an hour; you see, Mr Langley, being no surgeons, we hardly knew the way to bring you about again, and were obliged to leave Nature to work its own cure."

"With the aid of a little brandy," suggested Cockle.

"Well, is not brandy the most natural thing in the world to use in such a case, and doesn't what's natural come from Nature?"

"Nature has charms to soothe the savage ear," said Cockle. "I beg pardon, Captain, with the substitution of a word it came so pit-a-pat."

"Hold your tongue, you jabberer," cried the skipper, "or I'll give you a pat on the pit of the stomach that will double you up for the rest of the voyage."

"Better wait until we get into port, Captain, otherwise you will have to do without a steward."

At this moment one of the mates entered the cabin hastily. "Captain," he cried, "the foretopgallant mast is carried away, and we are afraid that the mizentopmast will follow shortly, it is bending like a well-strung bow."

"Good God! this is a gale indeed," exclaimed the captain. "I must leave you for the moment, Mr Langley."

And he hastened on deck.

As soon as he was alone with Cockle, Walter, who began to feel nearly well again, inquired of the ex-comedian how he had escaped when the *Nemesis* frigate went down.

"For a very good reason, sir," was the answer; "I happened not to be on board

of her at that particularly unpleasant moment."

"But you were going out to the West Indies in her at the time of my parents' marriage, which you said just now you had witnessed."

"Very true, sir; but, as I have already observed, I was not on board the frigate at the time she foundered, having quitted her several days before that lamentable event, when, as you perhaps have heard, not a soul on board was saved."

"Pray tell me how it happened you had left the *Nemesis*," said Langley, with as much composure as he could assume.

"Certainly, sir, I will my tale unfold," returned Cockle; "but before I begin, you had better take a draught of that brandy-and-water, as my yarn is something like the sea-serpent, rather long, and it might

tire you to listen to it without taking some refreshment beforehand, and in such a case to take a glass of something comfortable is not a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

Walter having followed the advice and taken a draught of cognac and water, Cockle seated himself at the side of the berth.

"You must know, sir," he began, "that notwithstanding the bumper of a benefit I had at Richmond, thanks to the patronage of your noble father—God bless his memory!—affairs did not prosper with me. Our manager, like many others before him, cut his lucky one morning, leaving us all in the lurch, and I found myself thrown on the wide world with empty pockets and without an engagement. In this strait, notwithstanding Polonius' counsel

to Laertes, I tried to borrow of those who had something remaining, but, unfortunately for me, they thoroughly agreed with Shakespeare, and considered the advice of the old chamberlain as very well worth following :

‘ Neither a borrower nor a lender be :  
For loan oft loseth both itself and friend ;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.’

“ This state of things continued so long, that my habit became as costly as my purse could buy, and was certainly not expressed in fancy. Just, however, as I was thinking seriously of taking to sweep a crossing, I was offered an engagement in the West Indies, which I was most willing to accept, but how to pay for the passage out to Port Royal, that was the question to one who had not the means of purchasing a meal. At this eventful junction I was lucky enough

to meet with your father, Colonel Langley, who not only most kindly provided for my most pressing wants, but procured me a passage in a frigate bound for the West Indies, on board of which he himself was about to sail as far as Madeira. Well, sir, we had not been a week at sea when I was summoned into the captain's cabin, where I found a group assembled, consisting of the officer commanding the frigate, the first and second lieutenants, and the chaplain, together with Colonel Langley and Miss Worthington. On my entrance I learned that I was wanted to witness the marriage of the two latter persons, the Colonel being desirous, as he told me afterwards, of giving me a proof of his esteem for my behaviour at the villa at Richmond. The ceremony was performed by the chaplain, the first lieutenant acting as clerk, and the captain

giving the bride away ; and most beautiful she looked, God bless her. On the ceremony being concluded, I was desired to sign my name after the others had done the same, in a book the chaplain set before me ; this being finished, I was told I might retire.

“On our arrival off Funchal, Colonel and Mrs Langley left the frigate, while we proceeded on our voyage. A day or two afterwards, when we were well out at sea, the chaplain was taken seriously ill. I attended upon him during his sickness, and he took a great fancy to me and my quotations, very unlike my present skipper. Just as the parson was getting better, we fell in with a corvette, which it appeared was the bearer of despatches from the admiral to whose station the *Nemesis* belonged, and which had sealed orders for

our frigate, in case she should overhaul her. On opening the sealed orders, our captain found that instead of proceeding to Port Royal, he was to sail direct for Rio Janeiro. The corvette we had fallen in with being homeward bound, the chaplain requested leave to return to England in her, and as there was no use in my going on to Rio Janeiro, he offered to take me with him. On reaching Plymouth, the reverend gentleman found excellent news awaiting him, which were the more welcome from being quite unexpected. He was, it seems, in love with a young lady, whose father would not consent to their being married on account of the poverty of the young clergyman. This so upset the lover, that, in a moment of desperation, he applied for and procured an appointment as chaplain on board one of Her Majesty's ships. He had not, how-



ever, been long at sea before he became thoroughly disgusted with his new position in life.

‘ We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.’

Poor, good, quiet man, he was quite out of his element on the ocean, and would, perhaps, have pined to death before he had arrived at the end of our voyage, had we not providentially fallen in with the corvette.”

“ But of what consisted the good news he learned on reaching Plymouth ? ” said Walter, interrupting the steward’s narrative, which had been interlarded with many more quotations than we have inserted, and which were sufficient to have called down upon his head the direst wrath of his commander had he been present.

“Why,” continued Cockle, “on going ashore, the reverend gentleman learned that during his absence he had been presented to a capital living in Kent, and worth eight hundred a-year. On reading, the *Clergy List*, in which his name was inserted as the incumbent of a parish, he fell on his knees and returned thanks most fervently. Well, as you may suppose, the father of his beloved made no more fuss about their being married, and spliced they were within a month afterwards. Before parting with me, the excellent gentleman made me a handsome present, and gave me his blessing besides, which I suppose will some of these days bear its fruit; for the blessing of such a good Christian as he was could not but be heard by the great Master of the universe above.”

“Is that chaplain living yet?” in-

quired Langley, breathless from excitement.

“He was not only alive, but in excellent health, about six months ago,” returned Cockle, “for I saw him at that time myself, just before I started on our present cruise.”

“O Lord, forgive me,” cried Walter, with pious energy, “forgive my having ever doubted Thine eternal goodness; forgive my having repined against Thy holy will.”

Cockle gazed upon the young man in astonishment.

“You little know the immense service that, by Heaven’s permission, you have done me!” continued the latter; “my meeting with you has been indeed providential, and you will never have reason to regret it, for I shall not prove ungrate-

ful—but say, why did you take to the sea as a profession after your return to England?”

“To own the truth,” responded the other, “after having once tasted of the pleasures of roaming over the ocean :

‘The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head  
Spits in the face of heaven,’

I conceived a liking to a sailor’s way of living, and instead of trusting myself to the uncertain boards of the stage, I again took to those of a ship, and engaged myself to an American liner. After a few trips across the Atlantic, I returned for a short time to my former profession ; but finding managers as slippery fellows as ever, I soon gave up the life of a dramatic artist altogether, and shipped myself as steward on board an East Indiaman ; in fine, for the last seventeen or eighteen years I have been tossed

about in several different vessels; but during the last ten years I have stuck to the same captain, who has but one fault, an antipathy to the immortal Will."

At this moment the ship gave such a sudden and violent lurch, that the ex-comedian lost his seat and rolled over, while Walter was nearly jerked out of his berth. At the same time a tremendous crash and loud wail were heard above.

The two late inmates of the cabin hurried to the deck as quickly as possible, when a scene of the most utter desolation met their eyes. By the feeble light of the moon, which was in her second quarter, and which at intervals pierced through the rapidly scudding clouds, they perceived that scarcely a stick of mast remained on the vessel.

"Mr Langley," exclaimed the captain,

as soon as he perceived his passenger, "the Lord alone can save us! for our rudder is torn away, there are no means of bending a sail during such a hurricane, to keep the vessel steady, and in a few hours we shall be on a lee-shore."

"Is there no hope?" inquired the young man.

"Hardly any; indeed our only chance consists in an almost thorough impossibility."

"What is that chance?"

"That the wind cease and the sea go down, as speedily as though our Lord was on board to rebuke them!"

## CHAPTER III.

"I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
Have rived the knotty oak ; and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
To be exalted with the threatening clouds."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

"There winds and waves had hurl'd them, and from thence  
Without their will, they carried them away :  
For they were forced with steering to dispense,  
And never had as yet a quiet day  
On which they might repose, or even commence  
A jurymast or rudder, or could say  
The ship would swim an hour, which by good luck  
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck."

DON JUAN.

THE hours of darkness that ensued can  
be more easily imagined than described,

and to be able to imagine them, one must have passed a night at sea, with the wind blowing nearly a hurricane, the vessel dismasted, the boats swept away, and the rudder torn off, and at the same time having a perfect knowledge that the nearest land, not many miles off, is a rock shore on the lee.

All that human energy could perform, the energy being that of British tars, commanded by a thorough sailor, was done to save the devoted vessel; but every effort made to rig a jnymast or to slip a new rudder proved abortive, and when day broke it became evident to the eye of the most inexperienced man on board that all would be over before many hours had passed. For in the distance land was visible, upon which the gale was fast driving the helpless wreck. Some of the men, in-



deed, were engaged in collecting spars, as a last, almost hopeless resource to get to shore when the ship should strike, while others were putting up their private effects in small packages, proving that the hope of being saved had not completely left their breasts.

The captain and his mates gazed upon this scene of desolation with the air of calmness caused by despair; for, accustomed as they were to the caprices of the ocean, their practised minds were well aware that nothing short of a miracle could save them.

As the sun rose the fury of the gale became somewhat less violent, and in consequence the sea subsided in a slight degree; but this was a mere respite, for it was evident that no exertions made by the crew could prevent the *Saucy Jane* from driving ashore in a few hours unless the wind

should veer about, and blow from off instead of on the land, and of such an occurrence there appeared not the slightest chance.

The destruction of the barque and her crew was therefore but a mere matter of time—of hours.

“How long will it be before we strike?” inquired Walter of the captain, who was gazing on the wreck with an undaunted but sorrowful countenance.

“Before noon all will be over,” was the answer, “and we shall be rendering our account to the Grand Admiral above, who, I trust, will find all our log-books correct.”

“But,” suggested the young man, “although the ship be lost, is there no means of saving the crew?”

“None whatever; for on this coast,

within a few minutes after striking, the *Saucy Jane* will go to pieces."

"But cannot we gain the beach by any possible means?"

"Impossible! the coast is lined with sharp rocks, against which the sea breaks so violently, that our poor bodies will be dashed into nothing. I know it is hard to bid adieu to the world at your age, Mr Langley, when life is sweet; but if the King of kings so orders it, one must submit with all due Christian humility and without repining to His Divine will."

"My poor mother!" muttered Walter, "were it not for her I could face death more calmly, but God's will be done."

"I pity those on board who have relatives depending upon them," continued the gallant seaman. "Now there's my first mate, he has a wife and three children in

England, and when he is gone the work-house will stare them in the face; that is the reason the tears are flowing down his cheeks, for he is a brave man, and is thinking of those helpless creatures, and not a whit of himself."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Langley, half forgetting his own sorrowful position in the contemplation of one so much greater.

"My second mate," continued the other, "is, like myself, alone in the world, without chick or child, that is the reason he takes his part so quietly. There is nothing bears down a man's spirit, at such a moment as this, as the having of ties on land which bind his heart to life."

It was manifest to all by the conduct of the ex-comedian that no ties, such as wife, mother, or children, bound him to the

world and kept down his spirit; for although he had overheard every sentence spoken by his master as to the certain fate of the vessel, he, nevertheless, kept up his cheerfulness, and quotations seemingly without end and applicable to their present circumstances issued forth from his lips, notwithstanding the constant rebukes he sustained from the captain. The ruling passion was strong at the hour of death.

The *Saucy Jane* had by degrees been driven nearer and nearer to the land, the rugged nature of which was discernible through a spy-glass.

"We shall strike in a few hours," exclaimed Captain Bumpstead, as he took a view of the coast. "Adieu, Mr Langley! may we meet in a better world, where there are neither shoals, rocks, quicksands, nor tempests; we can now do no more than

hardy mariners burst into tears, while others fell on their knees ; as for the chief mate, in the joy and thankfulness of his heart he kept repeating the names of his wife and children, and blessing the name of God.

To be brief, within twenty minutes a rope had been thrown on board the *Saucy Jane* by means of a chain shot, and the barque was taken in tow by the friendly vessel, which proved to be a man-of-war steamer on her way from Naples to Gibraltar.

The sea was still running too high to allow of any one in the dismasted ship going on board the steamer, whose decks were covered with its crew, whom curiosity had collected together in order to gaze upon the vessel, which unless the other had come up no earthly power could have possibly saved from total destruction.

Suddenly Walter beheld those assembled on the quarter-deck of the steamer give way, and a lady leaning on the arm of its commander appeared at the stern.

No sooner did her glance light upon the form of the young man than she uttered a cry, which was distinctly heard by those on board the wreck.

"Walter, my child!" she exclaimed, as she fell back into the arms of the officer who was conducting her.

"It is my mother!" ejaculated the youth, as he recognized the speaker. "God is indeed merciful."

"What a scene for a nautical melodrama," observed Cockle, addressing the boatswain of the *Saucy Jane*, who was standing at his side,—“the very thing for the ‘Surrey;’ the scenery of ‘my Poll and my partner Joe,’ Act Second, would

just suit. Let us see:—Left upper entrance, prow of the *Saucy Jane*, dismasted half on stage, seemingly towed through the water by the steamer—great effect, the rope,—whose stern, the steamer's, mind, must be just disappearing R. U. E. Lady appears on deck of steamer—son on wreck—sudden shriek—lady cries, 'My son!'—son replies, 'My mother!'—tableau—curtain, end of Act II. Don't you think, Mr Dent, that it would have a run of at least three months?"

"I tell you what, Mr steward," was the gruff answer, "I be no scholard, and doesn't understand Hebrew."

"Hebrew, Mr Dent! why it is plain English," returned Cockle. "Have you never seen T. P. Cooke?"

"No," said the boatswain, "and don't care to do so. I'm quite content to see



Jem Cheek cooking in our galley; I'll back him any day, ay, and night either, against your messmate Tee Pee."

"Boatswain!" cried Cockle, "you're what my schoolmaster used to call an ignoramus."

"If you wish to keep clear of a squall when we get ashore," exclaimed the sailor, raising his voice in anger, "you'd better clap a stopper upon your speaking trumpet; a damnable, shuffling, chattering land-lubber like you to dare call names a thorough seaman who has laid the cat across the shoulders of many a chap worth a dozen o' you. I only wish I had you lashed up to the gratings of a man-o'-war, with a good, new cat in my hand, wouldn't I make your back sting, you trencher-scraping, knife-cleaning, napkin-carrying, soup-spilling, tallow-faced, bawling son of

a cracked gun!" he muttered, as he turned away.

"There was no need of our being alarmed just now," said the ex-comedian to the cabin boy, "no ship will ever run any danger of sinking as long as that bear is on board of her, for, as Gonzalo says in the *Tempest*, 'He hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfectly gallows.'"

Before sunset the *Saucy Jane* was safely moored in the harbour of Gibraltar, while Walter and his mother were installed in an apartment in one of the nondescript inns, half English, half Spanish, with which the town abounds.

The joy of the young man may be easily conceived on his learning that Lord Woodmount had survived the issue of his duel, and was out of all danger from the

effects of his wound, but his feelings of rapture became almost too overpowering when his mother placed a letter in his hands, the contents of which were as follows:—

“DEAR LANGLEY,

“You know how I hate writing long letters, so you must excuse the brevity of this one, the more especially as what I have to say is exceedingly to the point. I have heard her story from Mrs Langley’s own lips, and neither my mother nor myself consider your position in the slightest degree as that of an illegitimate child; consequently you have our full consent to your marriage with Maria, with this proviso, however, that she chooses to have you; the enclosed small note, smelling of sandal-wood—by the by, why do

women always perfume their letters?—  
will settle that question.

“Yours ever,

“FREDERICK GATTEY.”

Walter pressed the little scented envelope to his heart, and, having opened it, perused the following lines with ecstasy.

“DEAREST WALTER,

“I have just had the formal question put to me of ‘Do you really love Walter Langley, and will you be his wife?’ I did not answer, ‘No!’ Dear Walter, we shall start in a few days for England; come to us as fast as winds and steam can bring you.

“Believe me, my own dearest Walter,

“Your ever affectionate until death,

“MARIA.”

In what a minute space can perfect happiness be contained; that small note, so small that it might have lain concealed within a moss-rose, was, in the eyes of him to whom it was addressed, a world, nay, a universe of felicity. How he hugged it, how he kissed it, while his fond mother looked on with a heart almost bursting with joy at seeing her child so blessed.

For awhile Walter was so engrossed with his own happiness that he forgot to inform his mother of the eventful news he had learned from the steward of the *Saucy Jane*.

"How selfish joy makes us," he at length exclaimed; "I ought to have at once recollected what good tidings I have for you, my own dear mother, tidings which prove that the mercy of God is infinite."

And he proceeded to tell her of the wondrous manner in which he had discovered that two witnesses of her marriage were still alive, one of whom was the very chaplain who had performed the ceremony.

No thanksgiving more heartfelt, no prayers more fervent, more expressive of gratitude for His goodness, were that night offered to the Almighty than those poured forth by the mother and her son.

## BOOK VIII.

## CHAPTER I.

Walter Langley is indebted to Mr Cockle's retentive memory for a discovery of the most momentous import.

It was about six o'clock in the afternoon of a day at the end of 'April that a traveller on foot entered the Victoria Hotel at —, a town situated in Kent, about sixty miles from London, and nearly five miles from a railway station. The appearance of the traveller just alluded to denoted poverty, or at least anything rather than the possession of wealth; a small

bundle, which he carried in his hand, composed the whole of his baggage, his coat and hat showed signs of long service, and were of a fashion long since obsolete, his shoes were cracked in several places, while their heels were both so worn on the outside that they formed a couple of triangles. The pedestrian was a man of about sixty-five years of age, and his face, which was very wan and emaciated, bore marks of that sort of anguish which denotes both mental and bodily suffering. Still, notwithstanding his careworn appearance, he was one who would have excited little or no sympathy in the breast of the most benevolent philanthropist, for there was an expression of low cunning and villany in his light grey eye, which were slightly askant, that would have been most repulsive even had he been well dressed and



travelling in his own carriage. As it was, the sentiment caused by him in the minds of all who met him was mistrust. A superstitious Catholic would have crossed himself had he beheld such a countenance; and had the man's gaze lighted upon an inhabitant of any of the southern countries of Europe, the latter would have doubtlessly directed the most pointed object he might have had about him, in such a manner as to catch and turn away the effects of what he would have regarded as an evil eye.

On entering the coffee-room the pedestrian, having thrown himself upon a chair near the fire, for the weather was bitterly cold, notwithstanding the advanced state of the season of the year, proceeded to order a bed-room for the night of the waiter, who, turning up his nose with

that sort of contemptuous sneer generally awarded by persons of his class when speaking to an ill-dressed pedestrian, answered in a very flippant tone that he was afraid that all the bed-rooms were engaged for the night.

"In that case I must sleep at some public-house, for I am too far off the station to be able to catch the parliamentary train to-night," returned the traveller; "but as I am very hungry bring me a beefsteak as soon as you can."

"Beg pardon, sir," replied the waiter, "but—"

"You mean, perhaps, to infer that you think I have no money about me, eh?"

"Why, you see, that—"

"You are afraid to trust me, and I don't wonder at it either; but you are wrong."

And taking out a dirty leather purse, he emptied its contents upon the table.

“Dinner will be ready in ten minutes, sir,” exclaimed the waiter, rendered quite civil by the sight of several sovereigns; “and now I think of it, I believe there is one bed-room vacant—anyhow I will inquire.”

“Well, be quick about it, for I am famished,” said the old man. “What a scarecrow I must be,” he continued, as soon as he was alone, “not even looked upon as sufficiently solvent to be trusted five minutes for a beefsteak; well, if I succeed in my present undertaking my first act will be to rig myself out a little better. Nothing like having a good coat to your back, if you wish to inspire confidence.”

Having opened his bundle the traveller

took from it a packet of papers, which he began to peruse attentively, nodding at times with a demoniacal smile of satisfaction, which made him look even more hideous and repulsive than before.

“How perfect, how plain,” he muttered; “not a doubt can possibly remain in the head of the most obstinate juryman in the kingdom. That lord must come down with something handsome if he wish to keep possession of the title and estates. I would, however, as his younger brother is dead, that I knew where to find his next of kin; for there would be more to be made out of an expectant heir than out of one already in possession, were I to offer him such a prize. I might make any terms I choose.”

The above soliloquy was interrupted by the waiter entering and laying the cloth.

His original opinion of the new comer must have been very much changed, for he placed a fork and spoon of German-silver upon the table.

"You can have a bed, sir," he observed, with a shade more civility in his manner than when the pedestrian had just arrived; "pray may I ask, what would you like to have to drink, sir?"

"Have you got some good ale?"

"The best home-brewed in the county, sir,—almost think it champagne."

"Champagne! how often have I guzzled it down, and the best too!" muttered the old man, audibly.

"He's some eccentric old miser, who wishes to save the expense of a coach," thought the waiter, as he left the room for the purpose of executing the orders he had received; "well, I have seen a banker in

a parliamentary before to-day, and I once received threepence from a lord."

"Champagne!" soliloquized the traveller, "delicious wine, how I have swallowed it down, and well iced too, in my time! but I shall do so again soon," he continued, as his eye sparkled with a malignant fire; "that rich nobleman shall give me the means of indulging all my favourite tastes, or I will hurl him down to beggary."

"Dinner ready, sir," said the waiter, entering with the steak and its usual accompaniments of greens and potatoes.

"After all, the adage is very true, 'man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long,'" thought the old man, as he devoured the meat and swallowed down the ale with all the relish of one who had journeyed a long distance on foot without tak-

ing any refreshment. "Would to God I had always been so easily contented! I should not in that case have been reduced to my present miserable state. And to think that but for the discovery of those papers I should have been obliged to continue plodding on as a clerk of all work to a pettifogging attorney in a fifth-rate country town. Lucky it was, too, that I was able to get those six sovereigns out of the cash-box without being caught or even suspected, or I should never have been able to hoard up enough to get to London out of my twelve shillings a week and find myself. Think of a Christian being forced to exist upon such a pittance in a civilized country, and after having rolled in guineas and dollars, too. Waiter, another pint of your ale; it is very good, but rather strong."

"I should think so," returned the functionary; "strong as brandy, harmless as new milk, and, as I said just now, as good to the taste as the best sparkling champagne."

The second pint was succeeded by a third, a glass of hot brandy-and-water followed, and the old man found himself in that muzzled state, which, without being intoxication, bears some resemblance to that of an opium-eater under the influence of a dose. He was leaning back on his chair, with his feet on the fender, and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, when a fly, driving up to the door of the inn, set down two persons, whom our readers would have recognized as being Walter Langley and the ex-comedian, Cockle.

"The train was so very much behind time when it reached the X—— station,"



said the former as soon as they had alighted, "that I am afraid it will be too late to call upon the rector this evening; so we will stay the night here, and I will write a letter requesting an interview to-morrow morning."

"Very well, sir," returned Cockle, who by his manner evidently filled the situation of half attendant, half humble friend to the other. "Very well! this looks a good hostel, where we can find refreshment of a dainty kind. Of one thing, however, you may be assured, and that is, the bill will be of a first-rate quality, for we are in Kent."

"Waiter," cried Walter, addressing that individual, who came forward with a profusion of bows, "we shall stay the night here."

"Happy to hear it, sir; excellent beds,

sir, first-rate accommodation. Want a private apartment, sir?"

"No, the coffee-room will be warmer. Get dinner ready for two immediately. Cockle, you can dine with me."

"You do me proud, sir," returned the ex-comedian.

"Rare words, brave world! Hostess, my *dinner*, come;  
Oh! I could wish this tavern were my drum."

The entrance of the two new-comers hardly roused the occupant of the coffee-room from his half-slumbering state, and it was only on the waiter's touching him on the shoulder, and intimating that he was engrossing the whole of the fire-place, that the old man perceived that he was no longer alone.

"Waiter, bring me another glass of brandy-and-water," he said, as he edged

his chair to one side. "Chilly night, sir, in the open air."

"Very," replied Walter, to whom this observation was addressed.

"Nothing, however, like the cold one feels in the United States at this season," resumed the other.

"You have been in America?" inquired Langley in that careless tone that implies that the questioner is not much interested in the subject, and has spoken from mere civility.

"Yes, and spent a pretty fortune, too, in those parts," returned the old man. "One would think there was something in the air of that country that excited one to speculate; and the only individual who really ought to risk his money in such ventures on the other side of the Atlantic is

your true-born and thorough-bred Yankee."

"Why so?"

"Because he has got twice the nouse and cuteness of a Britisher, and can see clear where the latter has to grope his way."

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted the young man, as Cockle re-entered with a desk, "but I have a letter to write."

"Where have I seen that fellow's face before?" thought the ex-comedian, as he surveyed the person of the first occupier of the coffee-room; "it seems as like one I have seen in a dream, perhaps after all it may be only my fancy:

'Oh! tell me where is fancy bred.'

Having written and folded his note, Langley gave it to the waiter with direc-

tions that it should be forwarded immediately to the rector of the parish.

"Is the messenger to wait for an answer, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Yes, if Mr Phillips is at home."

The appearance of our hero had undergone a remarkable change for the better since his departure from Naples; an expression of the most happy serenity played over his handsome countenance, while in the tone of his voice there vibrated a chord which had previously been absent, and which betokened that cheerfulness of spirit had taken the place of anguish and despair.

Both his mind and body had become convalescent from that host of medicines, a happy, contented heart.

Their dinner was just finished, when a servant in a plain livery entered.

"Mr Langley?" he said inquiringly, as he looked round the room.

"I am Mr Langley," replied Walter.

"My master, the Reverend Mr Phillips," said the servant, producing a note, "begs to apologize for not having sent an answer sooner; but he has only just returned home."

The name of Langley appeared to rouse the traveller at the fire-place as effectually as though a bucket of cold water had been suddenly thrown over him, and during the whole time that Walter was engaged in perusing the letter he had received, the old man continued to regard him with a gaze in which memory and reflection seemed to be striving to get the better of his muzzled state.

"Give my compliments to Mr Phillips," said Walter, as soon as he had

finished reading the rector's note, "and inform him I will have the honour of being at his house at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

As soon as the servant had withdrawn Langley was proceeding to arrange the papers in his writing-desk, when he felt a hand laid gently on his shoulder, and on looking round perceived the old man who had been sitting at the fireside standing behind him.

"I beg pardon, sir," said the latter, "but if I understood rightly your name is Mr Langley?"

"Well!" returned Walter in a tone of surprise.

"Might I take the liberty of asking whether you are a relation to the Earl of Forestdale?"

Had the questioner uttered any other

name but the one so hateful to the ear of the young man, the latter in all probability would have looked upon the intrusion as an impertinence; in the present instance, however, the name of the nobleman whom he believed to be his bitterest persecutor so excited his feelings that he at once answered :

“I am his nephew.”

“The son then of—”

“The late Colonel Langley, Lord For-  
estdale’s brother.”

“Who was killed by the Pindarees in  
India more than twenty years ago?”

“Exactly so.”

“Thank you, sir,” said the old man, as  
he returned to his seat.

“Now if that is not the coolest dodge  
I ever met with in all my born days,” ob-  
served Cockle, who had heard both the



questions and answers. "Since however you have had your queries satisfied," he continued, addressing the aged traveller, "just have the goodness to answer mine. Who the devil are you, and what is your name?"

"My name?" stammered the other.

"Yes, your name,

'What's in a name? that which we call a rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet.'

I presume you inherited one from your respectable paternity."

"My name is Macdonald," stuttered out the other.

"Macdonald! I hate the very sound of a Mac," remarked Cockle, "I knew two of them in my youthful days; 'oh! I could a tale unfold,' or rather several, 'whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul,'

about both the rascals who had that particle before their patronymics. One of them was Moses MacHenry, once manager of the Huddersfield theatre, who bolted without paying his artists their salaries when I had the misfortune of being a member of his company; and the other was the employer of my relation, William Thornton, now gent.-by-law, he being what sailors call a land shark, or in plain English, a practising attorney. Thornton was formerly clerk to a villain, an outrageous villain, who cut away with all his different clients' money and went, it is supposed, to America, leaving numbers of ruined families to curse the [name of John Macpherson."

No sooner had the speaker uttered these last words, than the old man upset his unfinished glass of brandy-and-water

and fell back upon his chair, while at the same time he gazed around with a stare of terror.

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you, my old cove?" cried the other; "you look all nohow."

"It is nothing," stammered out the traveller, trying in vain to assume a look of composure, "only a sudden twinge in my stomach."

"A twinge in your stomach, eh!" exclaimed Cockle, as he attentively surveyed the old man's countenance, while at the same time he was evidently recalling something to his memory, "a twinge in your stomach; is it not rather a twitch of your conscience, Mr, Mr,—yes, I have it now,—Mr Macpherson."

"O Lord, O Lord," ejaculated the other, "what do you mean?"

“I mean to say that I recollect you perfectly, you are that rascal Macpherson who absconded about four and twenty years ago,” cried the ex-comedian, laying his hand on the old man’s collar. “Mr Langley, this is the identical fellow who ran off with your mother’s fortune; I am certain of the fact, although such a long period has elapsed, for I used in former times to see him very frequently at his office when I went to call upon my cousin, his clerk. You infernal villain!” he continued, shaking his fist in the face of the old man, “if you do not at once confess what you have done with all the money you cut away with, ‘thou shalt be pinched as thick as honeycombs,—each pinch more stinging than the bees that made them.’”

"I assure you my name is Macdonald and not Macpherson," faltered out the trembling wretch, whose collar was tightly grasped by the energetic ex-dramatic artist; "I know nothing about your Mr Macpherson, I never ran away with anybody's money; do I look as if I had any? Pray be quiet, and let me go, gentlemen," he added, in an imploring tone, "I am a very old man."

"Yes, you are a hoary rascal enough," said Cockle; "nevertheless, with all due respect to your grey hairs, I'll just ring the bell for a constable and have the matter explained before a magistrate."

"Oh! don't do that," gasped out the other, "pray don't, I'll tell the whole truth at once."

"Do [you confess that you are the ex-

attorney Macpherson ? ” asked his assailant, tightening his hold of the other’s collar.

“ I can’t deny it ! ”

“ That you are the fellow who in 182—  
bolted to America ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ With the money of your clients ;  
among others that intrusted to your care  
by the late Colonel Melville, and which  
by his death had become the property of  
Mr and Miss Worthington ? ”

“ Yes, yes, but don’t send for the  
police.”

“ Are you ready to fork out then ? ”

“ I have hardly a farthing remaining  
in the wide world,” cried Macpherson, in  
a whining tone, “ I am a poor, miserable,  
wretched, ruined old sinner ; pray have  
mercy upon me.”

"The quality of mercy is not strained," remarked Cockle, letting go his hold upon the ex-attorney's collar. "It is not however for me to pronounce upon your case, but Mr Langley—for his mother before her marriage was the Miss Worthington with whose money you absconded."

"Mr Langley!" exclaimed Macpherson, as his face suddenly brightened up. "Mr Langley, you told me just now that you were the Earl of Forestdale's nephew?"

"Yes," replied Walter, "but what has that to do with the present subject?"

"Much more than you imagine; but pray answer some questions I am going to put to you, answer them exactly, and you will find out that by so doing you are greatly benefitting yourself."

Langley shrugged his shoulders; to

say the truth he did not feel much interested in what was going on, for Macpherson's flight having taken place before he was born, he had only heard it casually alluded to.

"Are you next heir to Lord Forestdale?" continued the old man.

"No!" replied Walter, "I am not, he has a son."

"But should that son die without issue?"

"As there is no other relation between us I should be the next in the entail, but really I do not perceive what all this has to do with your villany."

"You shall soon see, if you will but have a little patience. Do you wish to become titled, rich, and powerful?"

"Of course Mr Langley does," observed Cockle, "no one exists who does



not; one never has enough. Even a giant wishes to be taller and stronger than he is;

‘Oh! ’tis excellent  
To have a giant’s strength, but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant.’

But at any rate it is not such a pitiful wretch as yourself who is likely to have the giant’s strength to make the gentleman rich and powerful.”

“That remains to be proved,” muttered Macpherson.

“The fellow is either mad or trying to make a fool of us,” cried the ex-comedian, “a motley fool—a miserable world—I do live by food—I met a fool! Look ye, you hoary old reprobate, if you do not at once explain yourself, ‘I’ll through and through cleanse thy foul body,’ that is, I’ll send for the police at once and give you in charge for embezzlement and forgery, for

a large portion of the money you decamped with was intrusted to you in order to be placed in the public funds, while the rest was obtained by your forging the names of your clients to powers of attorney, and so obtaining a quantity of plunder by disposing of their bonds. It is true many years have elapsed since your crime was committed, but there is quite sufficient evidence to convict and send you off to Norfolk Island."

"I am ready to make a bargain with you, gentlemen," said Macpherson, doggedly.

"A bargain!" echoed both Walter and Cockle.

"Yes! a bargain, Mr Langley! You look like a man of honour, will you pledge me your most sacred word to keep secret

what I am going to propose, if you should refuse to accept of my offer? that is, anything I may mention is never in that case to be divulged."

"I will," said the young man, "I give you my word of honour never to mention what you may tell me, should we not come to terms, and to consider it as though you had said nothing."

"That will do for yourself, but should that gentleman blab?" said the ex-attorney, casting a look of suspicious distrust upon Cockle.

"I will answer for him."

"If Mr Langley answers for my discretion and secresy," observed the personage just alluded to, "I'm mum—but be quick, it is getting late."

"What I have to say is so important,"

said Macpherson, with an air of mistrust, "that I should like to put you on your oath."

"Much obliged for such a mark of confidence, it's highly complimentary to my feelings of course. You mean, I presume, to say that you are ready to trust to Mr Langley's word of honour but not to mine; thank you very much, but as I am no quaker, I'm quite ready to swear."

There was a Bible lying on a side table, on which Cockle was at once sworn. Macpherson then looked cautiously round the room to ascertain that no one was present but themselves.

"It will perhaps be all the better for me," he muttered to himself; "the Earl might have set me at defiance. Mr Langley!" he continued, aloud, "strange as it may appear to you, as true as there is a

heaven above us, you are the rightful owner of the title and estates now held by the *soi-disant* Earl of Forestdale."

"The man is as mad as a March hare, moon-struck as a maiden in the fourth act of a five-act drama," ejaculated Cockle.

"It is the very error of the moon :

She comes more near the earth than she was wont,  
And makes men mad."

"I am as much in my born senses as yourself, if not more so," said Macpherson, almost contemptuously.

"Very likely," remarked the ex-come-dian, "but that is not saying much."

"What use would there be in my trifling with you?" observed the old man. "I am able," he added with energy, "to prove what I have asserted; Mr Langley, you have as much right to the titles and estates now usurped by the man calling himself

the Earl of Forestdale as the Queen of England has to her throne."

There was such an air of earnestness in Macpherson's manner that Walter could not help believing that he was speaking from conviction; and it was with some agitation that he desired the late speaker to prove the truth of his assertion.

"How can what you say be possible?" he suggested.

"Not only very possible, but very true!"

"But the present Lord Forestdale?"

"Is illegitimate," said Macpherson coolly.

"Illegitimate?"

"Yes."

"But he and my late father were own brothers."

"Very true."

"You are eating your own words; for if the present Lord Forestdale be illegitimate, my poor father must have been the same."

"That does not at all follow."

"We give it up," cried Cockle; "there is no making anything out of your riddles."

"The late Earl of Forestdale," continued Macpherson, "was lawfully married to the Honourable Clara Melford, the present dowager, between the births of his two sons only."

"On the contrary," interposed Walter, "the marriage took place a year before the birth of the present peer."

"Exactly so, but that marriage was invalid."

"What do you mean?"

"That marriage was invalid, as you will understand if you have patience enough

to listen to me. It is a long story, so before I begin let me have another glass of brandy-and-water, and—have you got a cigar?”

Langley handed his cigar-case to the old man, and the spirits required having been brought in, the three inmates of the coffee-room seated themselves in front of the fire.

Macpherson took a draught from his glass and a few pulls at his cigar.

“This is indeed excellent tobacco!” he observed.

“I should rather think it is,” observed Cockle, “considering that it is one of a lot that my old captain brought from Havana in his own ship. But let us have no more palaver, but begin to spin out your yarn at once.”



## CHAPTER II.

Walter Langley learns a most important secret from  
Macpherson.

"IN 182—," began the old man, "I was a person generally respected and looked up to, being the head of a house the very name of which inspired universal confidence. O yes, in those days there were few firms more ostensibly solvent than that of Macpherson & Co., solicitors of the Court of Chancery; would to God that I had not been tempted by Satan, for I should never have, in that case, sunk down into the abject thing I am."

"Never mind commentaries," interrupted Cockle, "or the world will have nearly come to an end before you have got to the half-way house of your yarn. We know beforehand what you are going to say, 'The devil tempted you, and you bolted with about forty thousand pounds, and forgot to leave your new address behind you.' Now that I have piloted you so far, just set sail and take the helm yourself."

"I reached America in safety with my wife and two children," continued Macpherson, "and established myself at New York, as a merchant, under a feigned name. For a while all my speculations succeeded; I had doubled the capital which—"

"You bolted with," suggested Cockle.

"At this period of my life I entertained the most serious intentions of returning their money to my former clients, and—"

"Tell that to the marines, you old hypocritical rogue," interposed the ex-comedian.

"I should have done so, had I not unfortunately met with a series of the most calamitous reverses, that so accumulated one upon another, that I at last found myself a beggar."

"You ventured, I suppose, like wanton boys that swim on bladders for a few summers in a sea of speculations, until at length the bench of your high-born pride gave way under you, or in other words, you broke."

"Pray, Cockle, let the old man go on with his story without your interruptions," suggested Walter.

"I'm mum, sir. Proceed, you aggravating old misrepresentation of the barber in the Arabian Nights."

"The anger of the Lord was upon me," went on the old man with a puritanical whine; "my house was accursed, one by one I lost my children and my wife, and at length found myself alone in the world with scarcely a dollar remaining, my credit gone, and myself borne down with sickness both of mind and body."

"Cut short the sentimentals," cried Cockle, "and tell us what you did next."

"I managed to procure a passage to England, and twenty years or so after my flight, found myself back in London, without a shilling in my pocket, and my clothes almost in rags."

"Served you right," observed the ex-comedian.

"On being reduced to this extremity I bethought myself of a man who had formerly been my head-clerk, and who, having

got himself placed on the rolls, was driving a good business with some of the pickings he had got out of my—”

“Robbery,” suggested Cockle, as the speaker stopped short for a word.

“Having found out his house I called there, made myself known, and humbly requested him to take pity upon me. He at first pretended not to recognize me, but on my continuing to beg for some relief he coolly told me to go about my business, or he would send for the police and give me in charge for my former crime. Upon this I changed my tone, and advised him to think twice before committing such a folly, as, should I get into the clutches of justice, I could easily prove that his hands were not quite so clean of the matter as he could wish it to be believed. This made him come down a little from his high horse, and

he at length agreed to give me a few pounds and a letter to an attorney, practising at St Ives, who at his recommendation would take me into his employ. In order to make my money go as far as possible, I started on foot and arrived one evening at a village close to Cambridge, where some fellows, in a low pothouse, hoccussed my ale to such an extent, that on my reaching the University town my head became so confused that I found I could not walk any further; so laying myself down in a back lane near the river, I went to sleep."

"The real fact of the case was, you were drunk."

"No, I was not, for I had only taken a single pint of ale at the village, and it was the first I had touched during the whole day. Well, after a while I was awakened by a policeman, who asked me what I was

doing there at such an hour—it was nearly two in the morning. ‘Go home,’ he said, ‘or I’ll take you off to the station-house.’

“I informed the man that I had only just arrived in the place, and I asked him to direct me to some cheap public-house where I could pass the rest of the night. He consented and was leading the way, when just as we had arrived at the corner of Trinity Street I found that, during my sleep, my pockets had been rifled of all they contained. On making the fact known to the policeman he gave a knowing shake of the head.

“‘That won’t do, my fine fellow,’ he observed in a very contemptuous way; ‘don’t think to gammon me.’

“‘But I assure you it is the case,’ I said.

“‘Humbug! you’ve got no money, and

being without a home choose to sleep in the streets, contrary to law and regulations; so just come along to the station-house.'

"I attempted to resist, when he collared me, and would have lugged me off but for a young collegian, who came up and asked what the row was about. On learning the case he took pity on me, and giving me a sovereign told the policeman to find me a good bed, and walked off. May God bless him! he was the only human being who had treated me with common humanity since I had landed in the country."

"It was you, then, whom I rescued from the clutches of the policeman!" exclaimed Walter, recollecting the occurrences of the eventful evening on which he had supped with Lord Moreton.



"You don't mean to say that you were the gentleman who did me that kind turn?"

"Yes, I do mean to say so, and I perfectly remember the circumstance now, although it had escaped my mind."

"You are a thorough gentleman, then, and I am glad to have met with you, for I can repay the debt of gratitude I owe you with good interest."

"Well, never mind that, but go on with your story, although I cannot exactly see how what you are saying has anything to do with my having a right to the Earldom of Forestdale."

"Have a little more patience, and you will learn everything," said Macpherson. "But to my story: I left Cambridge the next morning, and having reached St Ives presented my letter of recommendation,

and became the drudge of the most thorough skinflint that ever had his name on the rolls; I could at least take the merit to myself of, when I was in prosperity, never having worked my clerks half so hard, or of having paid them such small salaries. I was, however, obliged to remain there for want of a better situation, as a man must live."

"*Je n'en vois pas la nécessité*," remarked Walter contemptuously, and quoting from a diplomatic authority.

"A few months ago," continued the narrator, "my employer, for reasons best known to himself, sold his business at St Ives and transferred himself to a town in this county, and pretty work I had to arrange his new office on arriving there; the job, however, disagreeable as it seemed at first, turned out most profitably, or rather

will turn out most profitably for me, as in an iron case I fell upon a bundle of old papers, which had evidently remained undisturbed in the same place for nearly fifty years. Those papers—but now, sir,” observed the old man, pausing in the midst of his narrative, “I have reached the point that begins to concern yourself; remember your promise, that should what I have to offer not suit you you are to keep my secret close.”

“I never broke a promise in my life!” said Langley, haughtily.

“Mum’s the word,” added Cockle.

“I will trust to your honour,” returned Macpherson, “and let you know what I discovered.”

“Act fourth, scene first, Macdonald, *alias* Macpherson, discovered sorting papers,” exclaimed the ex-comedian; “as the curtain rises, soft music.

‘The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;  
The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus :  
Let no such man be trusted.’

I hope you are fond of music, Mr Macpherson ?”

“Oh, you may ridicule me as much as you please,” replied the other, “you will soon however perceive that there is no laughing matter in what I am telling you. But pray do not interrupt me any more, for my head is rather muzzy, and I require the entire and undisturbed use of my brains to enable me to remember what I have to tell.”

“Go on,” said Walter, “and you, Cockle, pray be silent.”

“Silence is only commendable in a neat’s tongue dried, and a maid not vendi-

ble," interposed the ex-artist. "I beg pardon, sir, but I can't help it; still I'll try and keep a stopper on my speaking-trumpet till that old fellow has got to the end of his yarn. Go ahead, you miserable imitator of Mrs Scheharazade; go on, you'll find the coast clear."

"The papers I had found," continued Macpherson, "were composed of a journal, together with some letters and certificates, which I have with me at present, and which all tend to prove with the most unerring certainty that the present Earl of Forestdale is illegitimate, as will appear from the following facts:—"

Here the narrator proceeded to read aloud from a manuscript he had selected from a packet of papers he had taken out of his bundle.

"In the year 179—, the Honourable

perished.

confess the truth, the major  
consolably grieved at this  
and married the young girl,  
auctor's daughter, in a mo-  
passionate love, and he had ever  
seen in great perplexity how to con-  
al the secret union from his father, whose  
wrath he feared would be most vehement  
were that nobleman to learn of his son's  
*mesalliance*. He was the less sorry for the  
well-timed loss of his wife, on discovering  
that his father had provided an excellent  
match for him in the person of a rich  
heiress, the Honourable Clara Melford, the  
only child of the late Viscount Melford, at  
whose death that title became extinct in  
default of there being any male heirs.

“To be brief, the Honourable Major  
Edward Langley was united to his second  
wife, at Melford parish church, and ten

months afterwards became father of a son, the present *soi disant* Earl of Forestdale.

“About three weeks after the birth of his first-born, the major, who had retired from active service, was out shooting in the woods of Melford Park, when he was accosted by a young labourer, who put a letter into his hand. You may judge of the sportsman’s surprise and terror, when he recognized the handwriting on the envelope as being that of his first wife.

“This is the very letter,” continued Macpherson, taking one from out of the packet, and reading it aloud. It was as follows:

“MY DEAREST EDWARD,

“You will be astounded at learning that I am not dead, as was supposed, for the boat in which I escaped



from the wreck with several others, and which was thought to have foundered, was in reality picked up by a French privateer, which carried us to the Isle de Réunion. In consequence of the great difficulty of communication with England, I was unable to send you off any letter to inform you of my escape, and it was only a few days ago that I reached this country, when I learned that you were married to a wealthy and high-born lady, who has lately been delivered of a son. My dear Edward, I do not blame you, for you must have imagined that I was dead and gone, and I love you far too much to wish to injure you. My constitution, never a strong one, has been completely undermined by the dreadful hardships I have undergone, and I feel, nay, I am certain, that at most I have but a few weeks to live. There is

no necessity therefore of divulging either our marriage or my existence ; all I ask of you is to come and see me. I am lying ill in a farm-house, where I have taken a couple of rooms ; the bearer of this is the son of the farmer, and as he is acquainted with your person I have expressly desired him to put this letter into your hands and yours only. Come and see me, I beseech you ; it is the last and only request that will be made by the low-born girl to whom you so honourably and nobly gave your name, and who wishes to prove to you the extent of her unselfish love.

“ ‘ Ever yours till death,

“ ‘ CAROLINE LANGLEY, born RICHARDS.’

“ As may be easily conceived, Major Langley was thunder-struck as he perused these lines,” observed the ex-attorney, as

he folded up the letter ; “ but as soon as he had somewhat regained his composure, he could not help feeling deeply affected at the extent of the noble devotion of his first wife, who was so ready to sacrifice everything for him. Having given his gun to the gamekeeper, he desired him to return home with the dogs, and then followed the messenger to the farm-house indicated in the letter, and which was situated about four miles off on the very outskirts of the estate. On reaching the farm the major was at once introduced into its best room, where he found his once beautiful wife lying on a sofa ; but how changed from what she was when he had last seen her ! Instead of the once lovely, clear complexion, was a cadaverous, sallow skin ; her eyes, formerly so bright and sparkling, were dim and glassy, while her form,

formerly so perfect, was bent like that of an aged person; her bones seemed piercing through her skin, while her once long glossy black hair had become grey in several places. She seemed indeed like one just returned from the grave, and although Major Langley was prepared for a great change, he so little expected to behold one so terrible, that he could not help starting.

“‘Am I not frightful, Edward?’ said the poor creature, in a voice so faint that it was hardly above a whisper, ‘you would not have recognized your poor Caroline, had you met her unexpectedly.’

“‘Forgive me, dearest, for my involuntary movement when I entered,’ said her husband; ‘I did not think, notwithstanding your letter, to find you so changed.’

“And throwing his arms gently round her waist he pressed his lips upon her forehead.

“‘Thank you, dearest Edward,’ said his wife, ‘for coming so soon to see me after receiving my note, it is indeed kind, but I shall not live long to plague you, and then you will be free.’”

“I can easily see the issue of your story,” here interrupted Cockle; “still there is one thing I must ask, and that is, How on earth did you manage to pick up all these particulars from the papers you say you found?”

“Because,” returned Macpherson, “in addition to the letters and other documents which I discovered in the iron case, the account I am reading is a complete journal of all that had occurred, drawn up by an attorney who had occupied the office many

years previously to my employer. It would seem that the crafty fellow, who was Major Langley's steward and acted as his attorney, evidently intended to make his client pay heavily for the silence of one whom he had been forced to initiate into his secrets. The attorney had arranged everything in the most perfect order, not a link being wanting, and had concealed the case in the hiding-place where I ferreted it out. He was however unable to profit by his cunning, for he died so suddenly that he plainly had not had time to confide his secret to any one, and the papers must have remained where I found them for nearly fifty years untouched, and their existence unsuspected."

"A pretty rascal that attorney must have been," observed Cockle, "something in your line."

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as brief as possible," continued without seeming to take notice of his last sarcasm, "the poor man died three weeks after her husband, by whose death she was visited. The major had, in accordance with the wishes of the dying invalid, made a resolution of concealing nothing from a person he had so unintentionally deceived.

"'For your own conscience' sake,' was the observation of the unfortunate Caroline Langley, 'you must legalize your second union by a private marriage as soon as I am dead and gone; and it will be better that your high-born wife should learn from my lips how little you are to blame in what has occurred. Were you to put off letting her know of your former marriage

until after my decease, she might not feel quite convinced of your total innocence ; and, besides,' she continued, with an angelic smile, 'I am anxious to see the partner of your future life, and die with the blessed assurance that she is one who will render you happy.'

"As soon as the death of his lawful wife had taken place, Major Langley was married in the most private manner at a small parish church in a distant neighbourhood, and had I not fallen upon these papers, the events I have related would, in all probability, have been buried in eternal oblivion.

"About nine months after her being lawfully married," continued Macpherson, addressing himself especially to Walter, "Mrs Edward Langley gave birth to a second son, the late Colonel Langley your



father ; and a few years afterwards, in consequence of the deaths of both his father and elder brother, the major inherited the title of Earl of Forestdale. At his decease the present titular Earl succeeded to the peerage, and little imagines that there exists a miserable worm who can tear him down from his elevated station by declaring him to be illegitimate, for he was born during the lifetime of his father's first wife, and thus the rightful heir to the title and estates is no other than yourself, Mr Walter Langley, for you are the only child of the only legitimate son of your grandfather."

On the above narrative being brought to a conclusion, Walter, who had listened attentively during the whole time and had not lost a word, rose to his feet and began to pace up and down the room with rapid

strides. His agitation was indeed so great that Cockle was for a moment fearful that the young man was about to be seized with a fit, and hastily filling a glass with cold water, he entreated his master to drink it off. Somewhat calmed by the draught, Walter was enabled to reflect over the extraordinary intelligence he had so unexpectedly received ; he had not the slightest doubt of the veracity of the old man, and in consequence of that individual being thoroughly versed in all the chicanery of the law, it was not probable that he could have been mistaken in the validity of the documents that he had discovered in the iron chest.

“Oh! my mother!” he thought, as his heart throbbed with the feelings of the bitterest hatred towards his uncle and cousin, “my dearest mother! I shall be

able at length to revenge the wrongs we have both sustained from the man who has so long illegally filled the place he holds. I shall have the exultation of beholding that vile sensualist, and his still viler son, reduced to beggary! I will hunt and persecute them as they have persecuted us! I will claim every jot and tittle to which I am entitled! they shall receive no mercy at my hands, I will trample upon them as they have trampled upon us!"

And giving vent to his thoughts, he clutched his fingers as though he were grasping some one by the throat.

Macpherson watched him with gloating eyes, as though he had divined his thoughts, and he inwardly congratulated himself on the fortunate hazard, that had thrown the young man in his path, for he felt assured that he would make a much

better bargain with him than with the peer in actual possession of the title.

While the crafty man was calculating the amount of what he was likely to receive in exchange for the documents in his possession, he was suddenly accosted by Walter, who, in as calm a tone of voice as was possible for one in his agitated state, inquired whether the proofs of what had just been related were such as could defy all controversy.

“Not the very slightest doubt,” was the answer, “could exist in the mind of the most practised lawyer, after he should have perused the papers in my possession, that your uncle is in reality illegitimate, and that he illegally holds both the titles and estates of the Langley family. So self-evident is the whole case, that it would

be folly for the supposed Earl to attempt to defend an action of ejectionment."

"In that case," said Walter, "let me have the papers, and I will at once give directions to a lawyer to commence proceedings."

"Gently, gently, sir," cried Macpherson, with an impudent smile on his face, "you are going too fast to work. My motto is, Give nothing for nothing, and before I surrender up those documents I shall require a very particularly handsome sum of money."

"You infernal rascal!" exclaimed Cockle, "you starveling, you elfskin, you dried neat's-tongue, you stockfish. Oh, for a breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tuck!"

"Fair words, my fine gentleman," cried the old man, becoming very angry and indignant; "I don't choose to be abused in such a manner. Another word in such a style, and I throw the bundle of papers into the fire."

And suiting the action to the words, he seized the packet and held it above the burning coals.

"Do not attempt to come nearer," he continued, as Walter and Cockle made a movement in advance, "I will be as good as my word. Can it be possible that you imagine for a single instant that I intend to have had all my trouble for nothing? Not quite such a fool!"

"I do not intend acting unhandsomely towards you, sir," said Walter, as his heart palpitated with anxiety at seeing the pre-

cious papers held so closely to the flames. "Give me up those documents, and if I succeed in proving my right you shall be well rewarded."

"With all due deference to your Lordship in embryo," replied Macpherson with a sneer, "you will allow me to dictate my own terms, or else into the fire go the papers."

"Well, those terms, what are they?"

"Twenty thousand pounds—not a farthing less."

"Oh, be thou damned, inexorable or rather unconscionable dog," exclaimed the ex-comedian with vehemence; "thy desires are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous! rather than give such a sum—"

"Pray be quiet, Cockle," observed Langley, "and let me manage this busi-

ness myself. You want twenty thousand pounds for those documents?" he continued, addressing Macpherson.

"I do."

"I have scarcely the fortieth part of that sum in my possession at the present time."

"In that case your note-of-hand will do."

"In what manner?"

"Nothing easier; sit down and write out an acknowledgment of having received from John Macpherson certain papers and documents relative to the marriage of the Honourable Edward Langley, the father of the man who is at present known as the seventh Earl of Forestdale."

"And what then?"

"Write on another sheet that you pledge your word of honour, and solemnly



swear that should you, by means of the papers and documents mentioned in the receipt given to John Macpherson, succeed in making good your right to the title of Earl of Forestdale, and enter into possession of the Langley estates, you will pay over to the said John Macpherson the sum of twenty thousand pounds sterling."

"Give me my writing-case, Cockle," said Walter.

"You are not surely going to comply with such an extortionate demand, sir," suggested the ex-comedian; "it's downright robbery."

"Pray do what I have ordered you," replied his master; "I am perfectly aware of your honest zeal for my interest, but in the present instance I must be obeyed."

The young man spoke so firmly that Cockle perceived that all argument would

be so much lost time, and with a deprecatory shrug of the shoulders he placed the required desk before his master.

After having written some lines on two separate sheets of paper Walter threw them to the old man, who still retained his threatening position by the fireside.

"There are the receipt and promise," he said.

"All right," returned Macpherson, after having carefully perused what had been written, "that is as correct as circumstances will allow, for I would, if it had been possible, have had the deeds drawn up on stamped paper; however I trust to your honour as much as to your bond, and besides," he muttered to himself, "I can get them stamped at Somerset House tomorrow, and therefore I am ready to give

up the documents. Wait one moment, however," he continued, as Walter held out his hand; "now I think of it, I am very hard up for ready money; can you write me a cheque for five and twenty pounds?"

"Now, that is going beyond all bounds," cried Cockle, indignantly; "are you not ashamed of yourself, you cursed Jew! it appears to you that 'if money go before, all ways do lie open.'"

"Pray hold your tongue," said Walter, as he drew out his cheque-book and wrote an order for the sum demanded.

"You are a gentleman," observed Macpherson as he pocketed it, "and I heartily congratulate you on having had the good fortune to meet with me this evening; to-morrow it would have been too late."

As he spoke he placed the bundle of

papers he had been holding over the fire in Langley's hands.

For more than an hour the young man remained seated at the table, completely absorbed in the perusal of the important documents he had become possessed of in so extraordinary a manner. Not once did he lift up his eyes, until he had thoroughly examined them, from beginning to end; but as soon as he had ascertained beyond a doubt that what he had learned that night was no invention, but the most indubitable truth, that the documents were perfectly genuine and the legal ones properly certified, and that, in fine, the whole formed a mass of the most incontrovertible evidence, then, and not till then, did Walter Langley look up with a proud, haughty air, as though he were in the very presence of those who had usurped his birthright.

“Woe unto thee, Viscount Woodmount!” he cried; “woe unto thee, thou vile son of a vile father, be ye both accursed!”

## CHAPTER III.

The uncle and the nephew.

IN the same apartment in which about twenty years before he had received the visit of George Worthington and the Rector of Longmoor, the Earl of Forestdale was seated at his breakfast-table, in company with his son, the Viscount Woodmount. Notwithstanding the long lapse of years, time had dealt gently with the nobleman, who appeared much younger than his real age, and whom few would

have imagined to be the father of the young man opposite. There was, however, a great change in his general appearance, or rather manner, from what he had been in his youth, which would have been exceedingly remarkable to any one who had known him only during the period of his gay, or to speak more plainly, dissipated career. His face had completely lost its *roué* expression, and bore that denoting a temperate and steady course of living. His demeanour, too, had become grave, almost serious; but there still remained on his face the same benignant look, and there was the same gentleness in his manner, that had ever fascinated those who lived in his intimacy, and endeared him alike to his equals and inferiors in his days of riot and debauchery. But had there been no outward change in his manner and appear-

ance, it would have soon become evident from the style of his conversation that those days had long since gone by.

“My dear Cecil,” he observed to his son, as he finished the perusal of some letters before him, “here are a number of requests for you to stand for the county at the election that is going to take place, in consequence of the vacancy occasioned by Sir Howard Elphinstone’s elevation to the peerage.”

“You know how I dislike dabbling in politics, my dear father,” answered Lord Woodmount; “I wish the worthy and independent electors would look out for somebody else.”

“But a man of your superior talents owes himself to his country, and you have no right to hide the great qualities that God has given you under a bushel.”



“You quite mistake the nature of what you are pleased to denominate my great qualities and superior talents; they are of a literary, not of a political, kind.”

“It is you who are mistaken, Woodmount; for were you to enter parliament you would be in the ministry within a year.”

“How ambitious you are becoming, my dear father.”

“Ambition, when properly directed, is a virtue,” observed the Earl; “a man may be anxious to distinguish himself and obtain power, in order to have the means of doing good and effectually serving his country, and not for the mere mercenary purpose of gratifying a craving after fortune and places.”

“I dare say you are quite right, my dear father,” returned his son; “but never-

theless I feel myself very little disposed to sit during the whole of a burning summer in a hot house, listening to tepid speeches from perspiring members. On the contrary, in another month I am off to the Rhine."

"Well," said his father with a sigh, "I do not wish to force your inclinations, you are your own master; so as the electors want a Langley to stand, I will put forward your cousin Walter."

"Walter!" echoed the young nobleman, knitting his brow at the mention of the name.

"Yes."

"I cannot imagine why you should take such an interest in that illegitimate scion of our family, whom you have scarcely seen since he was a boy at Eton."

"Pray, let me beg of you never again to use that epithet with respect to Walter,

—you are perfectly aware that he is not illegitimate.”

“There are no proofs to the contrary,” said Lord Woodmount doggedly.

“But at the same time, there are no proofs of the fact,” returned his father, “and as the knowledge of the real circumstances is confined to the immediate members of our family, how can the world at large ever even imagine the possibility of Walter’s illegitimacy; for I am convinced that, notwithstanding the unaccountable hatred you evidently bear in your heart against your gifted cousin, you have always had a too thorough sense of honour to have ever taunted him with the mystery that hangs over his birthright, or to have let any one into the secret?”

Woodmount turned red and bit his lips at these words; his confusion, however,

was not remarked by his father, who proceeded to express his intention of bringing his nephew into parliament.

"I should of course have much preferred your standing yourself," he continued; "but since, to use a French term, for which we have no equivalent translation, you prefer to *flaner* on the continent to the acquiring of senatorial distinctions, there is no help for it; for, as I have already observed, you are your own master."

So bitter was the hatred borne by the young nobleman to his cousin Langley, that for a moment he almost resolved to overcome his antipathy to a public life, rather than allow Walter such a chance of distinguishing himself; but on mentally comparing the pure air of the Rhine to the musty atmosphere of St Stephens, his desire for his personal gratification turned the

balance. He made, however, one last effort to divert his father from his intention.

“Melford comes of age in a few days,” he observed; “why not put him forward, he is our relation as well as Walter.”

“He would not suit the electors,” said the Earl, “for he is not one of the direct line, being only a cousin through a female branch of the family; besides, although a near relative and possessed of very fine estates, I cannot help owning that he is little better than a natural born idiot, and I do not wish our county to be represented by one who would dishonour my recommendation. Either yourself or Walter be it, one or other will do; you refuse to stand, therefore there is no help for it but to select your cousin.”

“Well, you know what is best, my dear

father," returned Lord Woodmount, rising ;  
"but I must be off to my grandmother's,  
who wants to see me this morning. Have  
you any orders for St James' Square?"

"Only my best love," said Lord Forest-  
dale, as his son quitted the room.

"What can occasion his bitter enmity  
to Walter?" thought the nobleman, as  
soon as he was alone; "it cannot surely  
have arisen on account of his cousin having  
carried off all the prizes at the University.  
Oh no! I am convinced that Woodmount  
possesses too much greatness of mind and  
nobility of spirit to be envious of any one  
who happens to be more gifted than him-  
self. Can it be a rivalry in love—much  
more probable; in that case his hatred will  
soon wear away. But let me think of  
Walter, he has already been and will be an  
honour to our family; I will do all in my

power to push him forward, and if I be not mistaken the young man will soon cut out a path for himself. To insure, however, the certainty of his success I must make him independent; for without having the aid of fortune the progress of the most talented mortal must necessarily be slow. As it is, Walter has merely his fellowship and an allowance from his mother; that is not sufficient, and besides I do not wish Paulina to deprive herself of any portion of her income."

After a short time passed in reflection the Earl took up a pen, and placing a sheet of paper before him wrote as follows:

"DEAR WALTER,

"I heard yesterday of your arrival in London, and I trust your travels in the South have completely restored you to

health, and that the effects of over-studying at the University have disappeared for ever.

“I am now going to exert the privilege of an uncle who is at the same time the head of your family, and give you a little advice, which I consider will not be altogether worthless, coming as it does from one who has had some experience. You have arrived, my dear boy, at what conventionality terms years of discretion, and have already achieved what a very small iota of persons of your birth and age have done before. It now rests with yourself to attain that eminence which so many sigh after but few ever reach. There are two ways of becoming especially distinguished, namely, through the bar and the senate. A young man who, like yourself, has won the very highest classical and mathematical honours at the University, is capable



of soon outstripping all his competitors in the first-mentioned profession, and in consequence of your having, while at Cambridge, kept several terms at Lincoln's Inn (if I be not mistaken, more than half of the number necessary before being called), a very short period would elapse before you would be able to practise; at the same time, to a universal genius like yourself the practising at the bar would prove no obstacle to your distinguishing yourself in parliament, on the contrary, a thorough knowledge of the laws of his country is, in my opinion, of paramount importance to a legislator. If, therefore, you would like to enter the House of Commons, an opportunity now presents itself—a vacancy having just taken place in the representation of the county in which the Langley estates are situated, and if you should

have no objection I will at once put you forward as a candidate, and I can answer for your return. Your political principles being, as far as I can learn from your speeches at the Cambridge Union, the same as my own and those of the majority of the electors, set my mind at ease on that point.

“To give advice however is not sufficient, unless the adviser afford the advisee the means of following it. You may probably reply, if I confined myself to merely advising you to enter parliament, firstly, that you have not the means of supporting a contested election, and, secondly, that you do not possess the necessary qualification. Do not let either of these apparent obstacles deter you from accepting my offer, for I will defray the former and give you the latter, and your qualification shall

not be a mock one, as is often the case, for I intend to convey to you at once an estate of a thousand a-year, at present possessed by me in Hertfordshire.

“Should you, however, prefer taking orders, or entering the army, remember that my purse and interest are at your disposal.

“Pray call upon me as soon as you receive this, and

“Believe me

“Your affectionate uncle,

“FORESTDALE.”

Having finished the above letter, which so well depicted the generous disposition of the writer, the Earl rang the bell.

“Let this letter be taken to the Portland Hotel,” he said to the servant who entered, “and tell the porter down-stairs

that I am at home to Mr Walter Langley only."

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed before the door of the apartment was opened, and Walter was announced.

"Show him in immediately," said the Earl. "He must have met my messenger in the street," he continued to himself.

At this moment the young man entered.

To the utter astonishment of Lord Forestdale, instead of the joyous expression which he naturally expected to have beheld beaming upon his nephew's countenance, the latter wore an air of haughty sternness, approaching indeed to insolence.

"I have called thus early, Lord Forestdale," he exclaimed without offering any salute, "in order that I might be certain of finding you in."

"I was expecting you, Walter," returned the nobleman, "in consequence of a letter I sent to your hotel not ten minutes ago."

"I have received no communication of any kind from you, my Lord, but had it come to hand it could have made no difference in what I have got to say."

There was such a tone of subdued anger in the voice of the young man that the Earl could not help remarking it.

"What is the matter?" he inquired.

"More than you may expect, my Lord," replied his nephew, "I have discovered what will make us quits."

"What can you mean?" asked the nobleman, utterly bewildered.

"You will soon learn," returned Walter, "for, thank Heaven, the day of retribution is at length arrived."

On hearing these words Lord Forestdale came to the not unnatural conclusion that his nephew was out of his senses, and he cast a hasty glance at the bell-rope.

“There is no occasion for ringing, my Lord,” exclaimed the other, ironically, “I am not in the slightest degree mad, although the dastardly conduct both of yourself and your son has been sufficient to drive me to the very verge of distraction. Not content with grossly insulting my poor mother, you were base enough to urge on Lord Woodmount to taunt me with being illegitimate, when you knew that such an assertion was as false as yourself, but you have done your worst, and your power to persecute us is at an end.”

As Walter gave utterance to these words, with all the vehemence of passion, the nobleman at once divined the real state

of the case, so far as Lord Woodmount was concerned. Deeply grieved as his son's misconduct became apparent, he attempted to speak.

"Nay, do not interrupt me," cried the young man, "you *shall* listen to what I have to say."

"But, Walter!"

"Silence, Lord Forestdale, or rather Mr Melford, as Melford was your mother's maiden name; silence, for I have a right to speak in this house. Oh! I do not wonder at your astonished looks, for you do not yet know that the tables are turned, and that the miscalled bastard can hurl that epithet back upon yourself."

"This is not only the height of insolence, but sheer insanity," exclaimed his uncle.

"Wait until you have read these

papers, Mr Melford," continued the young man, producing a packet, "they consist of true copies, the originals of which are in my possession; read them attentively, and you will learn from them that you have no right to bear your father's name; read them till your heart is ready to break, and then own that there is a God of vengeance above!"

And throwing the papers upon the table, he hastily quitted the room.

It would be utterly useless to attempt describing the extent of the Earl's astonishment at his nephew's last words, the meaning of which he was quite at a loss to divine. As soon, therefore, as his agitation was somewhat calmed, he opened the packet and began to read.

And as he read, the letters of the manuscripts appeared written in fire, and his



noble heart panted with anguish, for the evidence was too conclusive for him to doubt its truth even for an instant.

Notwithstanding the bitterness of spirit raised in his breast by the perusal of the terrible pages, he went on to the end, without skipping a single word.

“Thy will be done, O Lord,” he exclaimed as he finished, “for Thy ways are inscrutable!”

At this moment he perceived a small note, which had accompanied the packet, and which had hitherto escaped his notice, and having broken the seal, he read as follows:—

“MY LORD,

“Do not hope for the slightest mercy on my part, for this very day I shall place the originals in the hands of a

lawyer, and shall, without delay, assert my right to the title and estates you have so long usurped. You have yet to learn that I have obtained all the proofs necessary for establishing my legitimacy, as I have not only discovered one of the witnesses of my parents' marriage, but I have also seen the clergyman who joined their hands, and who has in his possession the original certificate, signed by the captain of the *Nemesis* and his officers. I owe this lucky chance to Woodmount, for had I not suddenly had to fly from Naples in consequence of the duel in which I believed that I killed him, but in which it turned out he was only severely wounded, I should never have met with the person from whom I learned that the chaplain of the *Nemesis* was still living. Little did your base, cowardly son imagine, when he

was slandering me, to the brother of my affianced wife, that he was unwittingly rendering me a most essential service. You will have to thank him for the loss of your peerage, your station in society, and your wealth, for of all these shall I deprive you ; nay, more, I shall require from you every sixpence of arrearage that I can legally claim ; and even then I shall consider both my mother's and my own wrongs as insufficiently avenged."

"God forgive him," thought Lord Forestdale, "for he is evidently ignorant of all that I have done to atone for my outrageous misconduct towards his mother, when Miss Paulina Worthington, and there is no doubt that Woodmount has, unknown to me, behaved shamefully, and that Walter imagines that my son was urged on by

me to act as it appears he has done. His insults must, indeed, have been gross to excite his cousin's anger to such a pitch."

As he spoke he cast his eyes round the apartment, and gazed sorrowfully on the family portraits which were hung against the walls.

"I must quit all this," he ejaculated, with a nearly broken heart, "and go forth from the home of my fathers, a beggar and an outcast."

Having folded up the papers he rang the bell, and ordering his carriage to be brought round drove off to St James' Square.

He found the Dowager Countess of Forestdale in her drawing-room engaged in earnest conversation with Lord Woodmount, and from the flushed state of her

countenance it was evident that she was much excited. No sooner did she perceive the Earl than she addressed him in an angry tone, without making any of the usual inquiries after his health.

"Can it be possible that you intend putting forward that spurious relative of ours for the county?" she inquired.

"Such *was* my intention, if by the words 'spurious relative' you allude to Walter," returned Lord Forestdale.

"You have thought better of it you mean?" continued the Dowager, in a softer tone, "indeed you could not have done otherwise, for such a choice would have disgraced the family."

"Woodmount, my dear boy," said his father, "pray excuse me, but I particularly want to speak to my mother alone for a few minutes."

"In that case I will go into the next room," replied the young Lord, "and you can call me back when you have done."

The Earl had requested his son to retire, as he wished to spare the Dowager the presence of a witness during the relation of the events that had just come to his knowledge.

"My dearest mother," he observed, as soon as they were alone, "it was my intention to have put forward Walter Langley for the county, but I have since received a visit from him."

"And that visit, in all probability, has modified the excellent opinion you entertained of the young man," said the Dowager, in a tone of the bitterest irony.

"It has been the means of making known to me a secret that has remained concealed for more than fifty years," re-

plied the Earl, fixing his gaze upon his mother's face, "and proving to me that I have no right to the name and title I bear, or the estates I hold."

As he spoke Lady Forestdale turned very pale.

"He cannot have learned," she muttered.

"I have learned everything, even to the most minute particulars."

"Impossible!"

"The whole history is contained in these papers; to which are added copies of all the documents necessary to prove that Walter is the rightful Earl of Forestdale."

And having shown his mother the packet, the nobleman recounted at length his late interview with his infuriated nephew.

“My ruin is complete, madam,” he observed, “for not only can Walter claim from me my title, my houses, and my lands, but all the back rents for the last six years, and they amount to more than a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. He has it in his power to imprison me, and you may rest assured that he will exercise that right.”

“Are there no means of defending the case?”

“None whatever, the evidence is too clear.”

“Cannot we make the young man come to terms?”

“Had you seen Walter just now,” said the Earl, “you would feel that it were as possible to stem the flowing tide as to appease his anger, which has, it appears, been lashed to madness by the insults of his



cousin. Woodmount," he continued, opening the door of the ante-chamber, "you may come in."

"What is the matter with you, my dear grandmother?" exclaimed the young man, remarking the agitation of the Dowager as he entered, "you are as pale as ashes—let me ring the bell."

"It will soon pass away, my dear boy," said Lady Forestdale, "in fact it is nothing, only the news your father has just brought."

"Cecil," cried the Earl, sternly, as his son looked round for an explanation, "did I not desire you to treat your cousin Walter on all occasions with the utmost courtesy and kindness? why then have you taken every possible opportunity of insulting him and casting his presumed illegitimacy in his teeth?"

“I—I—” stammered out the young man, utterly confounded.

“Do not attempt to excuse your conduct,” continued his father, “I have learned all, even down to your duel at Naples; but your fault has borne its own punishment with it.”

And without allowing the youth to enter upon any explanation, the Earl informed him of the position in which they were placed.

“The hand of Providence has been most conspicuous in bringing this about,” he remarked, “it has made your petty jealousy the means of restoring his right to your cousin Walter.”

“You do not mean to say,” cried Lord Woodmount, quickly, “that you are going to give up the title and estates without having had a fight for them?”

"Decidedly, such is my intention; I consider myself bound in honour to place Walter at once in possession of his birth-right."

"His birthright?" echoed his son, with ironical bitterness.

"Yes, his birthright, his lawful birth-right," returned the Earl, "for there exists no doubt whatever in my mind that your cousin is the rightful owner of my title and domains, and such being the case I should be acting most dishonourably were I to place any impediment in his way."

"You seem to forget that the days of knight-errantry are passed," observed his son, derisively.

"But the days of chivalry are, I trust, as present to the mind of an English gentleman as ever," replied Lord Forestdale. "Were I to dispute my nephew's right to his in-

heritance, after what I have learned, I should look upon myself in the light of one who, having found a purse, should refuse to restore it to its rightful owner."

"Those may be your sentiments," cried Lord Woodmount, "but for my part, I must beg to observe, that I shall not stand quietly by and allow all my expectations in this world to be blasted by one who has ever been a serpent in my path. No ! if he get possession of our lands and titles, it shall only be after a judicial decision, and until then he shall incur every expense that the law can put him to, and meet with every possible delay that money, interest, and chicanery can bring about. He shall find himself so thoroughly hemmed in by the meshes of the law, that his heart will be ready to burst with vexa-

tion. Good morning, my dearest grandmother."

"Where are you going to?" cried the Dowager, as the young nobleman turned towards the door.

"To Hunter's chambers," returned Lord Woodmount as he took his departure; "he will be sure to discover some means of defending our cause, or at least of protracting it indefinitely. I trust soon to come back with good news."

"Oh! that he could succeed," ejaculated Lady Forestdale, venomously, as soon as her grandson had gone; "old as I am, I would walk a thousand miles in order to see your ungrateful protégée hanged by the neck till he was dead."

"Your sentiments are not those of a Christian, my dear mother," returned the

Earl, respectfully. "You are for the moment blinded with anger, but when your better feelings get the upper hand again, which depend upon it they soon will, you may perhaps agree with my view of the case, and own that Walter is merely claiming his right."

"But it appears that the ungrateful creature, totally unmindful of your kindness to him and that woman, his mother, intends not only to claim your title and estates, but the back rents, and as they will amount to a sum much too large for you to liquidate, the wretch will throw you into prison if he can—and to think that *you* have brought up the viper and treated him with every possible kindness. Had you taken my advice some twenty years ago, and had nothing to do with either the mother or the son, all this would never have happened.

But the longer I live, the more I find that there is nothing but ingratitude and wickedness in the world."

"You are too harsh upon Walter," replied Lord Forestdale, "and ought to remember that he has been kept in ignorance of all that I have done for him, and besides imagines that the insults he has been subjected to on the part of Woodmount had their origin in my counsels. Perhaps, when he discovers how much I have in reality been his friend, he may act differently. This morning he was in such a state of exasperation, that he was almost beside himself."

"What vexes me as much as anything else," said the Dowager, unheeding her son's apology for Langley's conduct, "is the reflection that all my property is strictly settled on the children of my marriage with your father, and in consequence of my first

marriage being invalid, the next heir of my poor dear William, your late brother, will inherit all I possess, to the detriment of that darling Woodmount, and the next heir being that ungrateful Walter is enough to drive one mad. I declare the very thought of it has made me feel quite ill, pray ring the bell and desire that Dr Silverton be sent for immediately."

As Lord Forestdale was perfectly aware that when once his mother began to think herself ill there would be no possibility of getting her to talk on any other subject but her ailments, he took his leave and returned to Berkeley Square.

On entering his house, he was informed by the porter that a gentleman was waiting in the drawing-room.

"Why did you not say I was from home?" said the Earl, to whom any visits



were at such a moment particularly disagreeable.

"So I did, my Lord, but he replied that he had come on business of such importance that it was necessary for him to see your Lordship as soon as possible."

"What sort of a person is he?"

"Very respectable indeed, my Lord, dressed in black, white neckcloth,—looks like a clergyman."

"Who can it be?" thought the nobleman, "surely not a lawyer already."

On entering the drawing-room, he was agreeably surprised at finding that the stranger was no other than the Reverend Mr Pearson.

"My Lord," exclaimed the rector, as soon as the door was closed, "excuse the liberty I have taken, for I come as a messenger of peace."

## CHAPTER IV.

Walter's bad opinion of Lord Forestdale is exceedingly modified.

ON the morning following his eventful interview with Macpherson, Walter Langley had paid a visit to Mr Phillips, the rector of the parish of X——, and who was, as the reader will have surmised, the chaplain who had married his parents on board the *Nemesis* frigate. Not only had Mr Phillips a perfect recollection of all the circumstances attending the ceremony, but

he had also in his possession the original certificate, signed by all the witnesses present. As soon, therefore, as he had obtained a certified copy of the act, Walter had proceeded to the railway, accompanied by Cockle and the ex-attorney, and taken his place for the Metropolis.

On reaching the London Bridge station the old man requested Langley to give him his address.

"Are you not going with me to my hotel?" asked Walter.

"Why, to say the truth, sir," returned Macpherson, "I am obliged to be excessively cautious about how I go abroad in the streets of London, for although such a length of time has elapsed since I went to America, there may be still some people living who might recognize me if I expose myself too much."

“The fact is,” observed Cockle, “you are such a charming fellow that were some of your former acquaintances to meet with you they would be so pressing in their invitations that you would find it very hard to get rid of them. ‘A man you are to all the country dear,’ very dear indeed, and such is the grateful nature of mankind in general, that those to whom you have proved yourself the dearest friend, might be the most inclined to pay your expenses as far as the colonies.”

“There is my address,” said Walter, after he had written on a card, which he gave to the old man; “as soon as you have settled upon where you intend to take up your present quarters you can drop me a line.”

On reaching his hotel the young man wrote a letter to his mother, whom he had

left at Southampton on their landing in England, informing her of the extraordinary discovery he had made; his letter contained the direst denunciations against Lords Forestdale and Woodmount, and terminated with a declaration of its being his fixed resolution to avenge the wrongs both the mother and son had sustained from those noblemen.

It so happened that Mr Pearson, having heard of her arrival from Paulina, had hastened from Lincolnshire to meet her, and was present at the reception of her son's epistle.

The excellent clergyman shook his head as he read the contents.

"I am truly grieved," he observed, "that Walter should harbour such vindictive sentiments in his breast; his being in ignorance, as he evidently still is, of the

kindness you have both received at the hands of Lord Forestdale is no excuse for his forgetting the first precepts of Christianity."

"He is without doubt in a state of the greatest excitement," returned the fond mother; "you must remember that he has undergone the grossest insults from his cousin, and imagines that his uncle was a party to them."

"But still, as I have already observed," said Mr Pearson, "had the Earl of Forestdale acted as his nephew supposes, Walter has no excuse for harbouring such revengeful feelings in his heart. I will at once hasten to London and see whether my exhortations may not have the effect of bringing him to a proper sense of religion, and I trust that the words of his old friend and preceptor will not fall on a deaf ear."

"I will go with you," exclaimed Paulina, "and add my persuasions to yours."

Within twenty minutes after this conversation Mrs Langley and the rector were seated in an express train, and had reached the Portland Hotel shortly before the young man had returned from his violent interview with the Earl of Forestdale in Berkeley Square.

"I have seen him," cried the young man, as soon as he had entered his mother's room, "I have seen the vile wretch and told him that he is a beggar; I bade him expect no mercy either for himself or his hateful son; oh! I feel that my vengeance is already beginning to bear its fruit."

As the young man spoke his handsome face became so distorted with passion, and was so terrible to behold, that his mother

could not help giving utterance to a suppressed shriek.

"Walter," exclaimed the rector, very sternly, "do you forget that you are a Christian, or, rather, have you abjured your faith?"

"Sir—Mr Pearson!" ejaculated the young man, confounded by the severe and solemn tone of the clergyman's voice.

"Have you forgotten," continued the divine, "the words of your Redeemer, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us?' How can you hope for mercy yourself when you give way to such unholy, diabolical sentiments?"

"I own that I have allowed myself to be carried away by the excess of my indignation," returned Walter, "but remember what cruel indignities both my mother



and myself have suffered at the hands of Lord Forestdale."

"How did our blessed Saviour reply to the indignities heaped upon him?" said Mr Pearson. "Alas! Walter, I am deeply grieved at perceiving that in spite of all the religious instruction you have received you cease to remember it in the hour of need. Even had Lord Forestdale wronged you in the way you suppose, you would have no right to avenge yourself; 'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord, 'I will repay.'"

Walter hung down his head at this rebuke; he felt that in his violent conduct towards his uncle he had transgressed all bounds, even those of hatred. He could not help, however, remarking the doubt expressed by Mr Pearson about Lord Forestdale's conduct being as was supposed.

"You do not, surely, my dear Mr Pearson, mean to excuse my uncle's behaviour to my mother, to say nothing of how he acted towards myself," he observed, looking up.

"Listen to me, Walter," replied the rector, "listen to the recital of Lord Forestdale's generosity, and then blush, ay, blush scarlet for all you have said and done."

Mr Pearson then proceeded to inform the young man of all that his uncle had done for his brother's widow and her child since the death of Colonel Langley.

"Why, oh! why did I not learn all this before?" exclaimed Walter, as soon as the clergyman had finished speaking; "why was I kept in ignorance of such noble conduct?"

"Because we did not wish you to have

the slightest suspicion about your legitimacy," replied Mr Pearson; "besides, Lord Forestdale, who in one instance did certainly act in a most blameable manner towards your mother previously to her marriage, deeply felt the delicate nature of their mutual position, and abstained from all interviews with her, and thus it happened that you have so seldom met with that generous nobleman, who has, however, been secretly a father to you; and such is the man whom you are about to hurl from his high station and cast upon the world as a beggar."

"Never! never!" cried Walter, with enthusiastic energy, "even had Lord Forestdale acted as I wrongly imagined, your exhortations would have been sufficient to have made me forgive him; but sooner than injure one who has been so

generous a protector to us I would become a beggar myself. He shall keep his title and estates, for I shall not claim my right, and in consideration of his father's kindness, Woodmount, whom I freely forgive, shall not be deprived of the inheritance to which he has hitherto believed himself entitled."

As he spoke all expression of animosity left the features of the youth, and his countenance, which but a few minutes before had resembled that of a demon, became as that of an angel.

Paulina rose to her feet as her son gave utterance to his last words, and throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed,

"Thank Heaven, Walter, you are now once more yourself."

At this moment a waiter came in with a letter on a plateau.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, addressing Langley, "but this was brought by a servant in livery while you were out."

"God pardon me," cried the youth, as he perused the contents of the note, "how shamefully have I calumniated that noble, that excellent man; judge, sir, for yourself; this letter was written, in all probability, but a few minutes before my calling upon him; what must he think of me?" and giving the clergyman the kind note written that morning by the Earl, Walter covered his face with his hands.

It was in consequence of the above scene that Mr Pearson had gone to Berkeley Square in the capacity of, as he termed himself, a messenger of peace.

He proceeded to inform the nobleman of the mistaken notions his nephew had entertained, observing that he trusted that

they might be considered as presenting some palliation for the young man's violent conduct that morning. "In addition to offering you his humblest apologies, and most submissively begging your pardon," continued the rector, "he has begged me to let your Lordship know that he never intends to make any claim to your title or estates. He can never forget that when his mother returned to England, a poor widow, you alone, of all your family, tended her a helping hand and placed her in affluence."

"I did but my duty," observed the Earl. "Surely there was no great merit in assisting the widow of a beloved brother; since, however, my nephew generously waives his claim to the birthright to which he is legally entitled, I must insist upon his accepting the rental of at least half of

the estates. What I offered to him this morning was offered to Walter Langley, the son of a nobleman's younger son ; but Walter, the rightful Earl of Forestdale, cannot be allowed to be less wealthy than I, Cecil Langley, who occupy his place."

"He asks for nothing," returned Mr Pearson, "but still I shall, as in duty bound, advise him not to refuse what is so freely offered, the more so as he is about to be married to one who is well worthy of his choice, Miss Maria Gatley."

"The daughter of the late Charles Gatley, minister at Rio Janeiro?"

"The same."

"Then I congratulate Walter on his good fortune, for I have heard that Miss Gatley is not only one of the most beautiful of her sex, but that she is endowed with every quality that can add to the

happiness of a husband ; but does she consent to Walter's giving up his claim ?”

“ She knows as yet nothing of his intention, but were she, on the contrary, cognizant of how he intends to act, I will answer for it that she would be the first to consent to his waiving his right.”

“ But where is Walter himself at this moment ?” inquired Lord Forestdale.

“ At his hotel with his mother,” returned the clergyman ; “ he let me come here alone, as he felt too much ashamed to accompany me after his outrageously violent conduct this morning.”

“ Then I will go at once to him, for I long to shake the dear boy by the hand,” exclaimed the Earl.

On reaching the Portland Hotel they found Paulina and her son awaiting the issue of Mr Pearson's embassy in a state of



great anxiety, for the latter had some fear of Lord Forestdale refusing to accept any favour from one by whom he had been so grossly insulted, although under a wrong impression. But the cordial manner in which the Earl grasped the hand of his nephew proved that the nobleman was far from entertaining the slightest resentment against the young man.

Lord Forestdale had never personally met Paulina since the lamentable scene that had taken place near Richmond about three-and-twenty years previously, and it was not without some evident signs of confusion that he bowed to her, as he entered; at the same time he could not help owning to himself that the weight of years had laid a very gentle hand upon the once lovely girl and still beautiful woman.

"Is it possible that you can be the

mother of that tall boy?" he exclaimed, with a smile, "had I not known you as Paulina Worthington, I should have imagined you to be the daughter rather than the wife of my poor dear brother William."

There was but little in these words, but there was an expression in the countenance of the nobleman that spoke volumes; it said as plainly as speech, "Can you ever forgive my conduct at Richmond?"

"My Lord," said Paulina, answering more the look than the observation uttered by the Earl, "your kindness to me when I returned a lone widow to my native land is for ever engraven in my heart."

"Walter," exclaimed his uncle, "your mother is an angel."

"Oh! that she is," cried the youth, enthusiastically; "but," he continued, in a

humble tone, "I am afraid that I am far from having inherited any of her heavenly nature; my conduct, indeed, has been that of a demon, for this morning I grossly insulted one who has been my benefactor through life, the only excuse I can offer being that I was unconscious of all you had done for us."

"Pray let me beg of you to say no more on that subject," replied the Earl, "we cannot be all perfection in this world, it would be contrary to the laws of nature, and it is said that the days of miracles are gone by. My visit here is to thank you for the truly noble proposal you have made me and my ungracious son; our mutual and excellent friend, Mr Pearson, will tell you on what conditions I am ready to accept of your generous offer."

The rector then informed the young

man of what Lord Forestdale had proposed, and concluded by observing that Walter would be perfectly justified in accepting the fortune offered to him by his uncle.

"Say rather," interrupted the nobleman, "that he proves his utter want of selfishness by abandoning his right; I flatter myself that I know something of the world, and I am convinced that few would act as he is doing if placed in a similar position."

Lord Forestdale had hardly ceased speaking when the door was hastily opened and a waiter appeared, followed by Lord Forestdale's valet.

"Oh! my Lord," cried the latter, who was breathless from the effects of excitement, "oh! my Lord, such a calamity!"

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the Earl.

"Oh! such a dreadful affair. Lord Woodmount—"

"What of him?" cried Lord Forestdale, very anxiously.

"He is dying, my Lord; they have just brought him home; he has not half an hour to live."

No sooner had these words escaped the lips of the servant than the nobleman rushed from the room, followed by Walter and the rector, and hastened down-stairs to his carriage.

A dreadful suspicion had come over the agitated father's mind; he felt convinced that Lord Woodmount, driven to desperation by what he had learned that morning, had committed suicide.

## CHAPTER V.

Lord Woodmount meets with a sudden and tragical end.

ON quitting his grandmother's house in St James' Square, Lord Woodmount hastened to the nearest stand, and getting into a cab, drove off to the city in a state of excitement bordering on frenzy. On reaching his lawyer's chambers he was informed that Mr Hunter, who was the family solicitor, was detained by ill health at his private house, which being at Chelsea, the

young nobleman, perceiving from the window that the tide was flowing, resolved to proceed thither by the steamer up the river. Having, accordingly, gone down to the nearest pier, he went on board one of the iron boats.

He was gazing dejectedly upon the dingy warehouses that line the banks of the Thames, for his state of excitement had begun to subside, and was being succeeded by a feeling of despondency, when just as they had passed under Blackfriar's Bridge his attention was suddenly attracted by a violent altercation that was going on close to him, and which was occasioned by a respectable-looking man seizing his next neighbour by the collar.

"You are that rascally lawyer, John Macpherson," he cried out, in a furious voice, "who bolted to America more than

twenty years ago with my money ; there is no use in denying your identity, I'd swear to you in any court in the kingdom."

The man pounced upon in this summary manner attempted to shake off the other's grasp.

"You are mad," he ejaculated, "let go my collar immediately."

"Not before I have handed you over to the police," replied the first speaker, still retaining his hold. "I tell you that I recollect your face perfectly, and I'll keep you safe till we get to the Temple Pier, and then I'll be hanged if I don't give you in charge."

"Leave hold of me directly ; I am not the man you take me for."

"But I swear you are, and you remember me, too, I'm sure ; my name is



John Betterton, whom you ruined, but I've got hold of you, so have none of your nonsense."

"You are throttling me."

"Then keep quiet, for it's no use resisting. Do you think I am going to be such a fool as to let you go, after all you have caused me to suffer! But we are getting near the Temple Pier, and I see a policeman on the landing quite handy."

Rendered half wild from terror, Macpherson—for it was he who had been seized upon in so peremptory a manner by the other, who was no other than the John Betterton, the man formerly sent to the galleys at Toulon in consequence of the robbery committed by him in Paris—made such a violent effort to extricate himself, that he succeeded in getting away from the other's grasp just as the boat was

approaching the pier at the bottom of Essex Street, leaving, however, the collar of his coat in his aggressor's hand ; but the exertion he had used was so great that he lost his balance and fell backwards over the gangway into the river.

The next moment he was buffeting with the waves caused by the steamer's paddle-wheels.

It became at once evident to all who had witnessed the accident that the old man was unable to swim, and would be undoubtedly drowned unless timely assistance was afforded him.

At this critical moment Lord Woodmount, who, like most men educated at Eton, was a powerful swimmer, and who was possessed of great personal courage and a really noble spirit, leaped boldly into the water, and striking out in the

direction of the drowning man, amid the cheers of the spectators, seized him by the hair just as he was sinking.

Notwithstanding his being a strong swimmer, the position of the young man was most perilous, for no small boat was near at hand, while at the same time he was in the midst of a rapid stream, and encumbered by a heavy burden. Had he been alone in the water he would comparatively have run but little danger ; but, as it was, he felt himself gradually borne down by the weight of the old man's body, until his mouth was scarcely above water, but, notwithstanding, he did not abandon his hold, but attempted to reach a lighter going up the river, and the man on board of which held out a pole towards him.

Just, however, as he had almost reached the proffered succour he was caught in a

strong eddy, which violently whirling him round, jammed him between the lighter and a barge alongside, and so violent was the concussion that he lost his grasp on Macpherson, who sunk to rise no more.

Lord Woodmount would have shared the same fate had not the man on the lighter caught him by the hair and hoisted him on board in an insensible state, and with the blood streaming from his mouth.

The young nobleman was borne to the shore, when a surgeon who was summoned having discovered that his right side was beaten in, one of his thighs smashed and a blood-vessel broken, gave it as his opinion that the sufferer could not survive beyond an hour or two.

As soon as he was restored to consciousness Lord Woodmount mentioned his name, and requested that he might be im-

mediately taken to Berkeley Square, and a conveyance having been procured, he was accompanied to the West End by the surgeon, who, being a young practitioner, was delighted at having an opportunity of attending a nobleman residing in such a fashionable quarter, and already began to prognosticate a long list of aristocratic patients; visions of grandeur swam before his eyes; he had taken, in imagination, a house in Grosvenor or Portman Square and furnished it up in the most splendid style, when the vehicle which bore his patient and himself pulled up at Lord For-estdale's mansion.

The household, as was to be expected, was thrown into a state of the utmost consternation on beholding their young master in such a deplorable condition, and while some of the servants carried up Lord

Woodmount to his bed-room, others ran off for additional surgical assistance, and the Earl's valet hurried forth to inform his master of the dreadful event.

On entering the room in which Lord Woodmount was lying, his father and those who accompanied him found the young man still conscious, but by the gloomy countenances of several medical practitioners who surrounded the couch, it was evident that no hope remained of saving the sufferer's life.

One of those present was the family physician, who, taking Lord Forestdale aside, informed him that within an hour he would be childless.

"Is there no hope?" inquired the agonized parent.

"None whatever," returned the doctor, "all we can do is to alleviate his sufferings

and render his last moments as easy as possible."

"My poor boy," murmured the nobleman, going up to the bed-side; he could for the moment say no more, for grief impeded further utterance.

"All is finished with me," observed Lord Woodmount in a faint voice, "and perhaps it is better that it should be so than to linger on miserably for a few years more, for were I to survive I should be but a poor, penniless cripple."

At this instant he perceived Walter, and his brow darkened. "What brings *him* here, father?" he muttered.

Before Lord Forestdale could answer, the medical men present, who had been consulting together, approached for the purpose of dressing the wounds of the patient.

“What is the use of torturing my poor body with your surgical instruments any longer, when they are useless?” exclaimed the dying man. “I heard you all agree just now that nothing could possibly save my life; let me, at least, die in peace.”

“It is for that very reason we are still here,” remarked one of the surgeons; “although unable to preserve your life, our art can alleviate the sufferings of your last moments.”

As soon as the patient's wounds had been dressed and a calming potion administered to him, the medical men retired to another apartment, leaving the dying youth alone with his father, Walter, and the rector.

Notwithstanding the near approach of death it was evident that the young noble-



man's hatred of his cousin continued unabated in its intensity.

"Why is he here?" he exclaimed; "is he come to mock me? is he not satisfied with having once shed my blood? look at the mark of his bullet," he continued, tearing open his shirt and pointing to a long red scar that encircled his breast. "He tried to murder me once, and now that chance has saved him the trouble of doing so again he is come to jeer at my last moments."

"Cecil, my poor, dear boy, listen to me," cried his father.

"Drive him hence, I beseech you," screamed out Woodmount, "the law has not yet given him this house; drive him hence, that I may die in peace."

It was with the utmost difficulty, and

even then only in consequence of the state of exhaustion into which the infuriated youth was thrown, that the Earl of Forestdale could induce him to listen to the relation of Walter's generous conduct, and the noble manner in which he had offered to give up all claim to the rank and estates to which he was legally entitled.

On listening to the words of his father a flush came over Lord Woodmount's pallid countenance; it was a flush of shame, for he felt that Walter had been superior to him in this as well as in so many other instances.

"Always better than I am," he cried, bitterly, "in all things, whether moral, physical, or intellectual. He has won the race we have run together through life, and will now have me no longer as a competitor."

At this moment Walter advanced to the bed-side and held out his hand. "Woodmount," he exclaimed, "think no more of our rivalry, and let me implore you to pardon the rash act that was so nearly causing your death at Naples, I shall never be happy unless assured of your forgiveness."

Notwithstanding the gentle and affectionate tone in which Walter had spoken, Lord Woodmount hesitated to take his proffered hand, and in all probability would have expired unrepentant and with his heart full of hatred, had not Mr Pearson, presuming upon his apostolic calling, solemnly adjured the dying nobleman.

The excellent rector spoke most earnestly, and at length had the inexpressible happiness of causing the dying man's pride

to give way, and of beholding him humbling himself before his God.

Before he breathed his last, Cecil Langley Viscount Woodmount had partaken of the sacrament, and held out the hand of reconciliation to his cousin whom he had so bitterly hated through life.

## SUMMARY.

OUR task is done, our tale is told, the rest may be surmised. But before bidding the reader farewell we will cast a cursory glance at the subsequent career of some of the actors in the drama of life which has been represented in the preceding pages.

As may be surmised, the Earl of Forestdale was left by his nephew in undisturbed possession of his title and estates until his death, which took place

about a year after that of his only son. The excellent nobleman was never seen to smile after that tragical event, his heart was indeed broken, for he had dearly loved the talented young man. The latter days of his life were, however, soothed by the filial attentions of his nephew Walter, who did all in his power to fill up the void made in the affections of the bereaved father.

After the death of his uncle, Walter Langley assumed the title of Earl of Forestdale, and took possession of the family estates as heir presumptive of their late possessor. Before taking his seat in the House of Lords he had entered parliament as member for the county in which the Langley property was situated, and during the short time that he had remained in the

Lower House had distinguished himself greatly by his extraordinary abilities, and far from being laid on the shelf by becoming a peer, he had continued to astonish the country, and indeed the whole of the continent, by his immense reputation as an orator and statesman. He has already filled some high functions in several administrations, and it is rumoured that before long he will be called upon by his sovereign to form a ministry.

A few months after the death of his cousin he had been united to the lovely and amiable Maria Gattey, and is in the enjoyment of all the happiness that can fall to the lot of mortal man. Notwithstanding his success in public life he has never allowed the "*House*" to interfere with the "*Home*." A good husband, a

kind father, and a generous friend, he truly merits the felicity with which it has pleased Providence to bless him.

The Dowager Countess of Forestdale and Lady Clara Langley (who has remained unmarried) have never really looked upon either the present Lord Forestdale or his mother otherwise than as interlopers, although they are always very formally polite towards them whenever they meet. Lady Clara has often confidentially expressed to her mother her astonishment at the taste of her poor dear brother William in being really married to *that horrid woman*. While her mother accounts for the act by saying, "that she is certain that poor William was out of his senses at the time he was entrapped into that *monstrous union*."

Mr Cockle has been appointed steward



of the Langley estates, and performs the duties of his office in a most satisfactory manner. He is looked upon by his neighbours as a rather eccentric gentleman of most retentive memory, and possessed of a most marvellous aptitude for quotation, indeed the greater portion of the honest ex-comedian's discourse still consists of the words of the 'Immortal Will,' and other dramatists; and, according to the opinion once expressed by Captain Bumpstead, he will probably expire with a line of Shakespeare on the tip of his tongue.

Although somewhat past the meridian of life, and with his dark locks strewed here and there with a silver line, Mr Cockle has lately entered the bonds of matrimony with a wealthy widow, whom he had captivated by the charms of his conversation.

It is not long since he met with his comrade, Mr Montgomery Pops, now manager of a first-rate provincial company, and doing very well in the race of life. Mr Pops is fond of alluding to his engagement in the French capital, where he asserts he was very much appreciated, even by those who were ignorant of the English language. During a conversation with Mr Cockle he rather astonished his quondam brother actor by declaring that the British stage was without a drama of its own.

“What do you call Shakespeare, then?” remarked his friend.

“I am speaking of the present day,” returned the other; “what are, in reality, all the pieces now written by the pens of our *prolific* dramatic authors, but servile translations of those produced in Paris. The plays performed on the English stage

are at present, with the exception of a few very rare exceptions, nothing more than French pieces cooked up to suit the English palate. I can tell you, however, the reason why English dramatic authors find it more convenient to use a dictionary than to rack their own invention for a plot."

"What is that reason?" asked Mr Cockle.

"Because in Paris," continued Mr Pops, "dramatic authors are properly remunerated for their talents, and have not to rely upon the capricious generosity of the managers, being entitled by law to twelve per cent. of the full nightly receipts of the theatre where the pieces are performed."

"And a very sensible law it is too," remarked his friend.

“Were such a law in force in this country,” observed Mr Pops, “we should have original pieces produced at our theatres, and our drama would be a proper description of our manners and customs, and not, as at present, a description of foreign manners clothed in an English garb. Only let our dramatic authors be entitled to a proper remuneration for their works, and you will soon find out that theatrical managers would soon show their preference for the genuine article; and, besides, when dramatic authors found that they had no longer to trust to the caprices of managers, you would have men of much superior genius writing for the British stage than the present, and the public would be the gainer.”\*

The Reverend Mr Pearson has been

\* Why should it not be the same in England as in France?

raised to the ecclesiastical dignity of a deanery, and has quitted the rectory of Longmoor, much to the regret of his parishioners, by whom he was deservedly idolized. We have little doubt that the excellent and pious divine will eventually obtain a bishopric.

Mr Rimsdale has retired from business, with a very tolerable fortune to comfort his declining days; the gentle Sophonisba has departed this life, and her affectionate husband is often heard to declare that a better wife never existed. "If her tongue was a little sharp at times," he is wont to observe, "it was from the excess of her zeal. Alas! I shall never look upon her like again."

A constant correspondence is carried on between the worthy ex-notary and the Marquis de Maravaux, now Ambassador to the Court of —.

We read in a late Gazette the announcement of Captain George Worthington's promotion to the rank of Rear-admiral of the Blue. He always speaks in terms of great veneration of the late Earl of Forestdale, "to whom," he adds, with the feelings of the deepest gratitude, "he owes all his success in life."

Captain Bumpstead still continues to navigate the wide ocean as a merchant captain, although he has saved enough to enable him to retire from his profession with comfort. The open-hearted seaman was almost driven out of his senses from gratified pride, at lately receiving an invitation to a shooting party at Langley Park, during a short sojourn on dry land while the *Saucy Jane* was undergoing repairs.

As for Paulina, the gentle, kind mother, her life is gliding along in un-

alloyed felicity. She lives the greater part of the year with her beloved son, and is the object of the tenderest affection and sincerest regard on the part of both Walter and his wife. Idolized by those she loves most on earth, she is happy, and although not very far advanced in years, is awaiting with humble resignation the time when she will be again with the husband of her youth, united in the glory of the Saviour; and on looking back on former times she feels that she has no reason to be unthankful to Providence for her place in the RACE OF LIFE.

And now, dear reader, adieu till we meet again.

THE END.

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## ERRATA.

### VOL. I.

- Page 25 line 17 *for awake read awakened.*  
" 25 " 15 *for our read my own.*  
" 129 " 3 *for woman servants read women servants*  
" 286 " 15 *for sisters read sister*

### VOL. II.

- " 94 " 8 *for mephitic read mephitical.*  
" 129 " 7 *for mephitic read mephitical*  
" 272 " 3 *for warrior read Nemesis*

### VOL. III.

- " 108 " 19 *for aken read taken*  
" 136 " 7 *for rock read rocky*  
" 179 " 15 *for I do live by food read as I do live by food.*  
" 302 12 *for the present read at present*



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